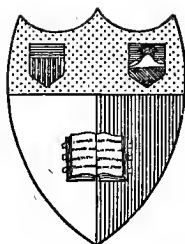


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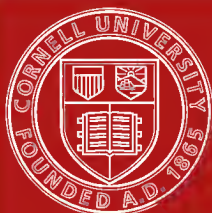
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THE
NEWSPAPER PRESS,

IN PART OF THE LAST CENTURY,
AND UP TO THE PRESENT PERIOD OF 1860.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF

JAMES AMPHLETT,

WHO HAS BEEN STYLED

THE FATHER OF THE PRESS,

EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD
OF SIXTY YEARS IN CONNEXION WITH NEWSPAPERS,
LONDON AND THE COUNTRY.

“Using heels instead of head
I have seen what thou hast read.”

LONDON:
WHITTAKER & Co., AVE MARIA LANE,
AND
W. WARDLE, SHREWSBURY.
1860.

A.609689

DEDICATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR,

It is not from any particular or general concurrence in your views and opinions that induces me to dedicate this small volume to you, but from the higher consideration, that the undisputed ascendancy of the *Times* has made it the National Journal, and a paper necessary to be read by every statesman on the continent who is desirous of knowing and appreciating the relative and varying interest of this Country in the European compact. This may be said without any disparagement to other daily papers, which have a fair proportion of public support, and merit sufficient to sustain it.

By a daring and liberal expenditure, you have retained the available talent of public writers in the different departments of your Journal, at home and abroad, and are of more service to the government in being independent of it either as an official or semi-official organ.

You shrink not from the free discussion of all public measures, and the conduct of all public men; I exercise the right of my own private judgment, and differ no further with others, than may tend to disclose the respective independence of mens minds.

I take the broad maxim, that what a man believes to be right, is right to him.

I have the honor to be, respected Sir,

Your's faithfully,

JAMES AMPHLETT.

SEVERN COTTAGE,

SHREWSBURY, FEBRUARY, 1860.

The following Notices of the death of the Author of this Work are extracted from the Shrewsbury Newspapers.

DEATH OF THE "FATHER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS."

We have this day to record the death of one of the oldest and most respected members of "The Fourth Estate" in England—Mr. James Amphlett, who departed this life, yesterday, at his residence, Severn-cottage, in this town, full of years and journalistic honours.

The death of Mr. Amphlett has broken one of the few remaining links which bind, as it were, the past and present age of journalism together. Writing his first "leader"—and leaders were scarce things in country newspapers at that time—upwards of sixty years ago, in a Staffordshire newspaper, the mind can scarcely grasp the idea that it was only some nine years since his last composition of the kind was inserted in our contemporary the *Journal*, of which paper he was for several years editor. Having a nice perception of the amenities of journalism, he was open-hearted and generous as a political opponent, and while he upheld his party he never endangered personal friendships. Since his retirement from the active duties of editorial life he has contributed much to various newspapers, our own among the number; and whilst the decadence of his once-masculine powers was visible in his compositions, there were the unmistakeable signs of that strength of intellect which unrelenting Time had in process of years been gradually deadening. In early days Mr. Amphlett was a powerful, vigorous, and sarcastic writer, his apt illustrations, witty points, and extensive reading combining to give force to the productions of his pen. His last effort was the compilation of a volume of "Recollections," but he did not live to see them published (although nearly ready.)

Mr. Amphlett was well known to and intimate with several of the leading politicians and theatrical celebrities of the earlier part of the present century, and many were the curious anecdotes of their sayings and doings he stored in his retentive memory. During his long life he was connected with various newspapers either as proprietor or editor, and his comprehensive knowledge of foreign politics caused his writings to be greatly noticed.

Cheerful and intelligent, a hearty and jovial companion, his society was extensively courted, and "many a time and oft" has he set the table in a roar by his sallies of wit or his ready repartee. He has departed from among us in a green old age, having attained some fifteen years beyond the proverbial "three score and ten;" and while we, as brother journalists, say, "Peace to his ashes," we may be permitted to add our personal tribute of sincere esteem and regard for him as a friend.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*, July 20th, 1860.

THE LATE JAMES AMPHLETT, ESQ.

Our obituary of this week contains the death of this highly-esteemed gentleman, who has for some years past occupied a somewhat prominent position in this town as one of its literary celebrities. He was for a great number of

years connected with the newspaper press, for so many years indeed that he was considered its oldest member, and has been styled, perhaps not inappropriately, the "Father of the English Press." He commenced his literary labours, some sixty years ago, as the editor of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*. Since that time he had been almost uninterruptedly connected with the broad-sheet. From 1845 to 1853 he was the editor of this *Journal*, after which time his active mind found congenial occupation in contributing to many first-class journals and periodicals, with which his compositions found ready acceptance, from the talent with which they were written. As a social companion he had few equals, his retentive memory, and his acquaintance with long bygone historical and political incidents and prominent personages, ever affording him ready opportunity of keeping alive the interest of a company, either by his sterling intelligence or by his piquant sallies of wit and humour, for which he was remarkable. His latest production, and one which it was the last and dearest wish of his heart to see published, a wish destined not to be realised, was a volume of "Recollections of the Newspaper Press," which is now nearly ready for publication. Mr. Amphlett has passed from among us at the ripe old age of 85, with faculties almost unimpaired to the last, respected and regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.—*Shrewsbury Journal*, July 25th, 1860.

P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the present volume of *Miscellanies*, must apologise for a number of verbal and literal errors which will appear in the work, from his not being able to read the proofs, nor with the dull ear of eighty-four follow a reader with accuracy.

It is now about ten years since I was told by several personal friends,—a fact pretty well known to myself—that I had passed half a century in connexion with the Newspaper Press; and that I ought therefore to publish a small volume of political and poetical scraps, descriptive of characters and events worth noticing. I observed that with the advantage of my being in possession of files and documents I might do something in getting such a work out, but that I had not preserved a single scrap of prose or verse during the previous fifty years.

An implied bargain was then made;—I took the records and recollections of the past, and a few ladies and gentlemen took the scissors and old newspapers and paste, and *voilà tout*.

I offer no excuse for the freedom of my political strictures; I had defended through all times, and against all comers, the integrity of the constitution in Church and State, subject to such improvements and reforms as were called for, and justified by the increased knowledge and intelligence of the people.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE private life of an anonymous writer for the Press, however extended the period of his experience, cannot have any materials of interest to the public. It is only whereby personal, or other intercourse will lead, or a knowledge of remarkable events, that his recollections have any value with the reading public. I shall therefore very speedily dispose of myself.

I was the second son of a Baptist minister—of whose life there is some record in the Baptist Magazine. An elder brother, also a younger brother and sister have long since been deceased, but have left descendants in the United States.

Four years of my life, from the date of the Birmingham “Church and King Riots,” were a blank—in reading nothing but the trash of circulating libraries.

About the age of seventeen, I was sent to study for the Baptist Ministry, to the well-known academy of Mr. Richard Comfield, of Northampton. Comfield was a man of great talent and varied knowledge; but too much of a philosopher for the principles of dissent; yet he allowed his principal young men to discuss subjects *pro* and *con*.

Before I was well through the Latin grammar, I was prohibited by my father's instructions, from learning the dead languages; so that I was “stopt by the elements,” as some writer has said. Mr. Comfield educated several young men, who became distinguished Baptist ministers, among whom Dan Parken, an editor or contributor to the Eclectic Review.

Here I shall conclude the early part of my life, by referring to a short sketch, or recollections, written by Mr. Pidduck, a respectable surgeon of Shrewsbury, on my meeting the late Dr. Cox, at Mrs. Cooke's, at the “Mount,” near this town, (Shrewsbury); he was an old fellow student, and an opponent in discussion.

This brings me up to the period of my connection with the Press.

THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—A remarkable incident in relation to the early history of Mr. Amphlett occurred in this town a few years ago. When Mr. Williams was appointed minister of the Baptist Chapel in Claremont-street, the late Dr. Cox, of London—the most eminent man in that connexion—was invited to preach the ordination sermon, and during his stay in Shrewsbury was most hospitably entertained at Rowton-cottage, by Mrs. Cooke and her daughters. Having about that time read some strictures by Mr. Amphlett, in *Eddowes' Journal*, in which he alluded to the Doctor's opinions in church matters, I conceived that they must have known each other in former years. My surmise proved correct, and Mr. Amphlett was invited to meet Dr. Cox. This meeting accordingly took place, and the two old friends spent a very pleasant day together. I was not present, but it must have been a striking scene to witness the meeting of the two old men who had never seen each other since the latter end of the last century—parting sixty years ago as youths at school, and meeting again old men. Strange changes had taken place in their own persons, but not more strange than the changes that all other things had undergone since the day they parted as disputants at a Baptist academy, where they were both studying for the ministry. The principal of this establishment—Mr. Richard Comfield, a philosopher and christian—gave his pupils liberty to discuss in the evenings, as intellectual exercises, such topics as horse-racing, the war, the bounties given for militia substitutes, and the difference between church and dissent. Mr. Amphlett and a few other volunteers defended our ancient national sports, the war and the church. The discussion on the latter question was continued for many evenings, till Mr. Amphlett and one or two more argued themselves into the conviction that the church was in the right, and the mere differences in the forms of worship could not justify trinitarian dissenters in their secession from the establishment. Dr. Cox led the dissenting party. The result of the discussion was a partial schism in the school, and Mr. Amphlett left and returned to his father's in Wolverhampton, who was at that time the Baptist minister there. A Baptist minister, a friend of Dr. Cox's, who was present at this meeting of the two old friends, stated that one of the young disputants—Tom Edmonds, the son of a dissenting minister at Guilsborough—was still living, and preaching at Cambridge, though quite blind. Soon after Mr. Amphlett returned to Wolverhampton his father was invited to Evesham, and the school being disposed of, Mr. Amphlett, jun., became connected with the press, as editor of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

It is deserving of remark that M. D. Hill, Esq., Recorder of Birmingham, and his brother, Rowland Hill, Esq., of the General Post-office, were both at the school of the Rev. W. Amphlett at that time.—I am, &c.,

Shrewsbury, June 17th, 1857.

T. P.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRMINGHAM CHURCH AND KING RIOTS.

IT ought to be observed, that no regular description was ever published of these remarkable riots, this was owing to the consideration, that the most respectable portion of the church-people were ashamed of the scandal which such scenes would bring on the town. The presbyterians were obliged to hide themselves in the houses of private friends, or escape from the town in the night. The other dissenters were in terror, and dare not appear in the streets. All the shops were closed, and the people flocked to the scenes of violence. I transcribe these recollections from a memory faithful to its first impressions amid such disorders, when no interest could bias, and no influence corrupt its integrity.

The first act of the great political drama of the age—the conflict of democracy with monarchy and privileged classes—commenced with the memorable storming of the Bastile, in Paris, a very few years after the close of the American war. The progress of this drama still continues alike in peace and in war: in the former it takes the form or character of agitation.

The meeting of the Presbyterians at the hotel in Birmingham, which led to the riots, was held to commemorate the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastile, a descriptive sketch of which is subjoined,—and which exhibits a three day's carnival of the Church and King mob.

After smashing the windows of the hotel, and dispersing the meeting there, the mob went direct against their chapels. It was known early in the morning that Dr. Priestley's house was on fire, and that he had escaped. I went off with some boys about my own age to see the doctor's house. Some of my companions remarked that Dr. Priestley denied Jesus Christ, others said the riot was foretold in the Bible, and the time was come when there was to be no more kings. When we got into Deritend we met a number of people carrying away all sorts of house furniture with the same impunity as though they had bought them at a sale. Dr. Priestley's house was about two miles from the town, on the road leading by or to Spark Brook and to Henley-in-Arden. We entered the premises by a shrubbery, which soon brought us to the house, then in one fierce flame. A dead man lay at the corner, with blood on his face, who, it was said, was killed by a large corner-stone of the building falling on him. A large stack of coal, containing many tons, had been set on fire, and was full lighted, throwing out a most intense heat. The doctor's laboratory was a separate building, on one side of the house, approached by a stair flight. The windows seemed to be continuous on two sides. They were knocked out, and a number of men were throwing out his apparatus, consisting mainly of glass, in a great variety of forms,—tubes, jars, retorts, and other things, which lay in one smash on the sides. We went up for a moment or two, and heard some persons say that "The doctor dealt with the ——!" I picked up one small bottle of quicksilver, which consisted of all my plunder.

I returned with my little squad of companions, from the spot rendered classical by science, to Birmingham. After some refreshment, we proceeded up the town. On reaching the end of New-street, opposite to which was the paper warehouse of Mr. Hutton, we found a great number of people. The paper warehouse had been gutted, and some scores of reams of paper opened and thrown into the streets, so that it was said at one time the masses of the people were walking over fine writing papers. Near to the spot was the coach entrance to the Swan Inn, and near the Fountain Inn. From the latter some dozen tubs of ale were brought out, and placed in the street, with clothes-baskets of little black cups for the mob to drink with. We saw many, after drinking their cups, throw them over the heads of the crowd. Hutton states the heavy sum he was charged for this ale, designed, as stated, to

divert the mob from further mischief, but practically for encouraging them in their work. He denies any order given by him or his friends.

Baskerville-house was now on fire: the noble Baskerville type is well known. Baskerville was buried in his own garden. In 1821 he was dug up, and the coffin opened, when the corpse was said to have the odour of old cheese.

As Baskerville-house became the battle-field of the mob and some special constables, I will give it in another letter.

Baskerville-house and grounds are situated in an angle at the entrance of the town of Birmingham, on one of the two great roads leading to the Five Ways. The entrance was by large gates in the angle, and in going towards the town, having a high wall on the right, separating the great coal-wharf of the place, and Easy-row on the left. I am speaking of things as they were at the period in question. I am not familiar with any of the great modern changes in that direction. I believe that I had only one young companion that day. We found the house in a burning mass after the pillage, and went round by the out-houses, which were not fired. In one of the stables I took a few oats for my rabbits, out of a corn-coffer. This was my second small felony. In going round the premises we saw some men coming out of a forced cellar window, and others going in. In the spirit of adventure we went after them, and had to drop several feet to the floor. We could see men in a dim twilight moving about, and calling for "red port." It was the wine cellar. They had to break off the necks of the bottles to get to the wine, and the mouths of some were bleeding. When the wines were not to their taste they dashed them to the floor, and away went, probably, champagne, claret, burgundy, and, probably, hock and imperial tokay. We did not want wines, and some men had to give us a lift in getting out again. It is well we were thus fortunate, for in some few hours afterwards the cellars fell in, and the adventurers were buried in the ruins; six or seven were dug out some days afterwards.

When once more in the straggling crowd, we heard a cry of the "constables coming!" Away fled the women and children. We got lifted on the wharf wall, near the gates. A crowd was seen coming up with a procession. As they advanced to the gates I was struck with the contrast. Several of the leaders wore spectacles, and nearly all wore hair-powder and appeared to be gentlemen. They boldly entered the gates, and in a few minutes the mob had a set-to with them. The

specials were armed with short staffs, which, as it appeared afterwards, were the rollers used in drapers' shops, which silks and other fabrics are wound on; the mob were unarmed, but excited with liquor. The struggle was short and summary, and in less than five minutes the all body of the specials came running back; we saw the hair-powder beaten out of their heads in clouds. It was an entire rout. Some more courageous than the rest led in hot pursuit, and the *infantry* rallied on their flanks. Nothing but speed and distance saved them. The mob then drew the covers of the shrubberies, and every now and then some white-nob was unearthed, and had to run the gauntlet of every missile that could be laid hold of. John Bull of that day seemed to consider himself the champion of the Holy Scriptures and the Monarchy. The routed gentlemen were everywhere received with

One dismal universal hiss
The sound of public scorn.

I have two more places briefly to sketch. It was known that Squire Taylor's and Mr. Humphrey's houses were marked for sack, if not for fire. We went to the former, which is situated on the rising ground on the road leading out of Deritend to Coventry. It was, I think, wholly or partly walled in from the road. We entered the land through some shrubs, and coming in front, were struck with what resembled a flight of snow. The place had been pillaged; but some men in the bedchambers, not knowing what to do with the beds, tore them open, and threw the feathers out at the windows by armfuls, which a gentle wind scattered abroad. We entered the house, and saw people piling up broken furniture in a large room to make a fire. We went up stairs, and saw, in one room, a man and woman (who had discovered a gentleman's wardrobe) rigging themselves out. The man had put on as many pairs of breeches as he could get into, and put on as many waistcoats as the *Gravedigger*, in "Hamlet," pulls off. A relay of coats was placed round him. The woman was putting on stockings, one pair after the other,—silk on cotton, and cotton on silk. We saw them afterwards, waddling away like two bales of goods. Down stairs we left women and boys piling up things for the fire, which we did not stop to see lighted. The noble residence was afterwards given to the flames, and the ruin remained a number of years, as a monument of the disgrace of the town.

We then strayed on to the house of Squire Humphreys. I am not clear as to the site of this house; but I have some notion it was on the

same road as that of Dr. Priestley, and on the opposite side of the road. Our visit was *short* and *sweet*, for we got among a number of lads in a store-room, amid jams and jellies, where I took my ration; and this was my third felonious act. We saw several boys cram jam into their pockets, and others smeared their faces in the fun. We might have exclaimed *jam satis*, without going further with the Roman bard. We saw little of the house, which had been gutted, but not burnt. There was a fine staircase of stone or marble, the rails of which had been torn down, and the steps defaced as with hammers or iron bars. As far as I recollect this house escaped the flames.

I have a short sketch to give of my visit to Moseley, the next day, in connexion with an anecdote and visit to the place in the summer of 1857.

[The above letter, as well as that which preceded it, on the same subject, appeared in the *Liverpool Albion*.]

The reaction on the public mind after these events was slow but sure, as the costs to the Hundred were between thirty and forty thousand pounds, spread over three years.

At an early age, I went with a young companion into the back parlour of the Ship Inn, Hill-street, where there were four men;—Mr. Kilminster, a schoolmaster; Mr. Onions, an upholster; and two young men, William and Charles Hoare, highly respectable and intelligent. The Deritend Blacksmith, a furious revolutionist, was expected but did not come; there was some singing of “Liberty Songs,” in one of which very popular, was the following chorus:—

We'd sooner pluck the berry-bush, and sit the silver tide
Than ever be subservient to a tyrant's pride.

After this several associations were formed; one at the “Johnson's Head,” and another at some Inn, in “Dale End,” called the “Optional.”

It was at this time that Roscoe wrote his beautiful song;

O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France
See the day-star of liberty rise.

Burke, alone, saw through this luminous haze, and pronounced the “day-star” of the new era, supposed to be dawning on mankind—a Mock Sun. Parr wrote his Spital Sermon about this time.

The arrival of Binns and Jones in Birmingham, as delegates of the “London Correspondent Society,” gave a new impetus to liberal opinions; they lectured in different public-houses. Binns, who gave a lecture at a public-house, Suffolk-street, which I attended with a note-

book, urged the necessity of preserving the sacred right of trial by jury, a subject which at that time excited a good deal of interest,—a “right” which he said must be defended “at the hazard of extermination.” He also went into the question of Reform at the same time. When the prosecution commenced I was examined as to my notes, and subpoenaed on the trial at Warwick. This subject is referred to in an article elsewhere.

The manner and appearance of the delegates excited some interest from the novelty of them; they usually walked arm in arm, which was considered effeminate and ridiculous, as it was a familiarity unknown at that time amongst the gentlemen of that town. At that period gentlemen usually wore their hair long behind, but the “delegates” had their hair cropped close to their necks, while their followers adopted these peculiarities, and were called the “Jacobin Crops.” They also wore shoe-strings which were an abomination to the “buckle ticklers.” Gentlemen who were strangers in the town were often pelted in the streets for this offence.

Birmingham made very slow advances in Journalism; *Swinney's* old Thursday's paper, edited by Mr. Collins—a wit in song and epigram—under the *non de-plume* of “Brush,” was racy of the old “toy-shop.” At one time, finding that the presence of advertisements was necessary to a great sale, it adopted the policy of copying them from the always respectable Gazette, and inserting them gratuitously, at a cost of three shillings and sixpence duty each insertion; this ruinous policy was soon dropt.

The first attempt at a third paper in Birmingham, was made by a Mr. Jabet, residing at the corner house, at the bottom of Moor-street, Printer, and Stationer; it was edited by a Mr. Lawrence, a highly respectable Veterinarian and a man of talent.

I remember the Birmingham Journal being started by a distinguished tory solicitor; after which it has passed through many hands. At one time it was possessed by a respectable Printer residing at the bottom of Spiceall-street—now Spiceall-street no more. The celebrated George Dawson was connected with it for a time; but it had a hard task to make its way against the “Midland Counties Herald,” distributed gratuitously among land agents, solicitors, auctioneers, and public rooms. It laboured through these difficulties, and is now second to none in circulation and talent, with a weekly “London Letter,” dis-

tinguished by shrewd observation, wit, and research, and the scattered knowledge of a well read-up writer. There have been several other attempts made "which came like shadows" and so departed;" including the Tory "Advertiser."

CHAPTER II.

LONDON DAILY PAPERS, WHICH HAVE RISEN AND GONE DOWN WITHIN THE PRESENT CENTURY.—CHARLES MATHEWS, COMEDIAN.—MR. COLERIDGE.—CASE OF LIBEL, AT HANLEY, IN THE POTTERIES.

THE first act of Mr. Fox, when the whigs came into power was, to start a ministerial Evening Paper, entitled "The Statesman," which was sent gratuitously to most of the County Journals; the writer received it as such during the life of Mr. Fox. It was well edited and generally read.

One incident which occurred to Mr. Fox as Foreign Secretary was, the landing of a Frenchman in England, who sought an interview with him on a *special mission*; he was admitted, and the object of his mission was stated to be as follows:—it was his intention to return to France for the purpose of assassinating Napoleon. Mr. Fox, in his own language said, that at first he "did him the honour to consider him a spy;" he ordered him to be detained while he wrote to Napoleon, to inform him of the fact, and said, that our laws did not permit us to punish him, that he should detain him for a short time, and then ship him off from this country to a distant port on the Continent. Napoleon wrote through Talleyrand to thank Mr. Fox for his very honourable conduct.

A kind of coffee-cup correspondence followed on the preliminaries of a peace. Napoleon required England to separate herself from an alliance with Russia. Mr. Fox refused so to do, and that incipient

treaty broke down. The Tories said of the Whigs, that they "came in under the *brush* of the *fox*, and bore the odour only of his baser parts." The foreign incident with Napoleon proved Fox to be an honourable and sound hearted Englishman, fearless of his foe and faithful to allies. The Whigs were then called—or called themselves—"All the tallents" and also the "Broad bottomed administration."

Lord Henry Pettey, now the Marquis of Landsdown, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of the gay spirits of the salons and fashionable balls. It was said, that he introduced some "new steps" in the dance, of course not counting his long stride in the Income Tax.

When the Whigs went out they were twitted with strange things—among others, that, of having sent Admiral Duckworth with a fleet to force the passage of the Dardanelles and bombard Constantinople, without an adequate supply of gunpowder—a very improbable event. After the reign of the Whigs the "Statesman" got into weak hands, the editor continually dwelling on the "Poor Tailor of the Courier;" the writer never remembers any "tailor" connected with the Courier: STUART was a rich man, and STREET a high spirited and independent gentleman; a great favourite of the Prince Regent, and a personal friend of Madame Catalani. A few years afterwards the "Statesman" went down. The last gentleman who had it started a Sunday Paper, called the "Constitution," which soon went down also, and the proprietor contrived to get into Newgate. The writer remembers something about an Evening Paper called the "Pilot," but recollects little of it.

About the same time another Evening Paper, called the "Hampden"—immediately before or after the "Pilot"—had a short existence. The next Evening Paper that I recollect was, the "True Briton," the principal supporter of which was, Lord Kenyon; the writer quoted a patriotic article from it and sent the Editor the paper; he received a letter soon afterwards from the managing committee, thanking him for his handsome notice of it. At the close and winding up of the concern there was a great deficiency, and no responsible parties but Lord Kenyon, who was sued for the same, who resisted the demand, and the case went before the court. His lordship's plea was, that he had made a distinct declaration that he would derive no benefit from the concern. It appeared, however, that his "declaration" stated that he would dispense with all profits coming to him in objects of

charity. The Judge ruled, that "this is only another form of pecuniary interest;" his lordship had to pay a considerable sum.

The British Press in connection with the "Globe" was discontinued, and the "Star" also. The Morning Paper, called the "Day" was commenced, but had a short existence—like the day of St. Thomas. The "New Times" was commenced, edited by "Dr. Slop," as William Hone styled him, but the contents of this *slop-pail* in Hone's language, was soon emptied.

I do not pretend to name these papers consecutively. The "New Sun," or rather planetary light, rose and set, or bolted from the course, in the lingo of the turf, or with mathematicians, flew off in a tangent from its orbit.

The "Morning Journal" was started by Mr. Alexander, who was prosecuted by the Duke of Wellington. I received a list of donations for his relief, and gave it three gratuitous insertions, when a few sums were added. Mr. Alexander afterwards became editor of the "Liverpool Mail," and is since deceased.

At the beginning of 1829, Silk Buckingham started the "Argus," and sent me down some posters to get put up in Lincoln. The "Argus" if I remember right, was intended to be "daily." I received the first number and remember the following passage:—He called on the government to "admit the Roman Catholics to enter the portals of the constitution with gratulations and rejoicings, and not wait till they entered with shouts of triumph."

The last Daily Journal that rose and went down, was that of the "Albion" Evening Paper. It was said to have been suggested by the Duke of Wellington when he quarrelled with the "Standard," out of respect to the F. M. I sent it some gratuitous communications; among these was a brief report of that memorable speech of the late Sir Robt. Peel, which brought forward the "Three Tailors of Tooley-street," and which was the first report of that speech published in the London Papers. They were represented as holding a national council on the shop-board, and issuing an address, commencing with "We the people of England, &c." Three tailors being only the third part of a man—according to the old joke—this was the first revolutionary dream of the monarchy of a thousand years being beaten down by a *vulgar* fraction of humanity.

When I. was a literary contributor to Cowdroy's Manchester Gazette, the first liberal paper published in that town in opposition to Wheeler's Advertiser, it would be curious if I could now compare those two papers with the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Manchester Examiner and Times," or Dr. Solomon's daily Liverpool paper, with the present "Daily Post." The Liverpool Mercury, published by Egerton Smith, came at a lucky time. The "Courier" of Liverpool started, it followed in the wake of the London "Courier," which was then in its palmy days.

Mr. Murray's "Representative" had but a short life. My memory may fail me in some of these details, but I believe that was the last till the "Daily News" started, which continues to prosper.

At the latter end of the last century, the "Star" was the prevailing evening paper till the "Courier," early in this century, aided by the talent of Coleridge and the fiery patriotism of Street, left it far in the rear.

The first periodical with which I was connected, was, a neat Pocket Magazine, entitled the "Monthly Visitor," and I was announced as a contributor in the first number. I wrote one tale in it, but have forgotten the very name of it. I wrote some papers in the "Monthly Mirror," on Vernon, a Wolverhampton poet, who published a volume of verses, and who enlisted as a soldier and died in the service of his country;—in taking leave of his country in his preface, anticipating a glorious immortality from his work, he exclaimed, *non omnis moriar*.

From this period my political life merged, principally, in the "Staffordshire Advertiser," after a few strictures in a small London quarto Paper—name forgotten.

THE LATE CHARLES MATHEWS—COMEDIAN.

In the cholera year of 1831, Mathews played a few nights in Lincoln, and on one leisure night he spent an evening with me, in company with Mr. Robertson, at the "Water-side;" he lived entirely then upon mutton-chops and brandy and water. After a few glasses, Charlemagne came out and gave us some amusing incidents; he said, in his early youth his father was a strict "methodist," that is, when the methodists were hooted at and pelted in going to their preaching

places. Young Mathews used to clench his fist as he went to chapel along with his father, and said to himself, "I shall have to see you all frizzling in brimstone."

He named having once imitated Wilkes—of political notoriety—before the Prince Regent, who said, "the performance was inimitable; this would tend to prove, that both the Prince and the *mimic* were in very early youth, close observers of manners in men.

Mathews was personally acquainted with the Polish nobleman, Count——, a dwarf, and, after great difficulty, procured the consent of the Prince Regent to receive the Count at an interview; Mathews took his *little* friend with him in a carriage, who was received by his royal Highness with all the courteous familiarity of a nobleman. Mathews remained with them during the interview; he described the contrast of the two persons—one, the representative of a great empire, tall and portly; the other, a fraction, in size of one of the thousands of Polish nobles. He described their intercourse as a *scene* partaking of all the gravity of a political conference, as between persons of equal consideration.

The Prince had procured a small gold watch, which he presented to the Count—the miniature of a watch to the abridgement of a man! On their return, the Count was overjoyed at his reception, and when in the carriage, held the watch in his hand and cried like a child, saying, that "it was the first time he ever was treated as a *nobleman*."

It was some time after this that the writer wrote to Mr. Robertson to procure him an autograph of Mathews, and in reply, a few days afterwards, enclosed the writer a note from the Comedian, which is of no further importance than proving how readily the Comedian seized on any subject to convert it into *caricature*.

MR. COLERIDGE.

[While editing the "Rifleman," a folio Sunday paper, selling at eightpence half-penny, I attended a lecture given by Mr. Coleridge, at a room in Fetter Lane, and I now copy from the above paper, in the year 1812, the following sketch of the address.]

This gentleman's course of lectures on Shakespeare is drawing towards a close, and the town will be speedily deprived of one of the most

intellectual treats which it has experienced for a number of years. These lectures, though, in a select circle, well supported, have not been attended with that degree of success which ought, perhaps, to have been expected from so enlightened a city as the capital of Great Britain. But there are some considerations which will qualify any charge of apparent deficiency of the public taste. The present course is given in *the city*, and in *the winter*; a time when snow, and rain, and dirt, and fogs, muster such an advanced guard of uncomfortable enemies to London life, that the citizen is content to encounter the privations of mind, with the fire-side weapons of cards and tobacco. "Fetter Lane," where, during the winter months, the sun is "invisible, or dimly seen," has no inviting sound to the delicate ears of the west end of the town. The *literati* there, considered, perhaps, that the lecturer ought to have come "betwixt the *smoke* and their nobility."

We have always been aware that a man of Mr. Coleridge's peculiar powers of mind, could never in a lecture, do himself anything like justice. So refining and multifarious are his habits of thought, that he cannot subject even his pen to any order or arrangement in his subject. In his writings we find him constantly changing his course, to catch the interesting impulse of some new thought, elicited from, or crossing his subject. There is only one thing in him that is certain, and that is, though his subject should be *physics*, a *metaphysical* conclusion. It is his governing tendency, and beats him out of that which is simple into that which is complex; from individualities to generalities, in defiance of himself.

There is another peculiarity in him which ought to be particularised, and which seems to be an illustration of the affinity that is said to exist in extremes. If he begins on any one particular passion or principle, he commonly works about it, from some strange and incomprehensible impetus, till he involves himself in a mass of nebulous matter, that is as remote from the nature of his text as possible! A great portion of one of his lectures, on the passion of love (as exemplified in *Juliet*) consisted of a decomposition of the character of the nurse; a most masterly delineation of the characteristics of garrulous age; and of contrasted powers and habits of memory, in educated and uneducated minds. He pursued this mining enquiry till love was lost in the boundless wilds of thought; and Shakespeare himself disappeared in the ocean of human nature. But all these things are rather a proof of Mr. Coleridge's powers of mind

than any thing else. If the female part of his audience be sometimes disappointed, they are sometimes as agreeably surprised. For a cross wind and current of thought and feeling, will frequently drive the lecturer from the most rugged and masculine philosophy, into the calm and captivating confines of the circle of the affections, and the influences of the heart.—*Rifleman*.

CASE OF LIBEL.

In the year 1822, after several joint-stock attempts had been made to establish a newspaper in the Staffordshire Potteries, I commenced one on my own resources, asking no aid “of wind or tide,” patronage or purse; writing free political strictures apart from partisanship. The dissenters in that district—Hanley—were the predominant inhabitants of the place; I failed to conciliate them; I was called upon to cry down all theatrical representations, &c., by different anonymous writers. I defended the amusements of the people as the *inheritance* of the people, to which they had as great a *right* as the dissenters to the free use of their chapels. An opposition paper was started; criminations and re-criminations were bandied about,—dissenters against churchmen, and churchmen against dissenters. The dominant sect in Hanley were the Methodist New Connexion, which was originated in the Potteries by a Mr. Kilham, which sect admitted their laity into the annual conferences.

Having heard of a particular offence committed by one of this sect, (as all large communities of religion are liable to abuse), I stated that they were capable of committing acts of adultery in their own chapels. Two very respectable manufacturers, whose characters were far above all suspicion, as well as crime, chose to apply this passage personally to themselves, and secured similar opinions of the passage from a few of their personal friends. I was therefore indicted for a scandalous and malicious libel. The case was tried at Stafford. Mr. Jervis, the leading counsel for the defendant, declined to call any witnesses for the defence, stating that the imputed libel charged no one, but spread over a numerous community, a charge as he stated,

Which as a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.

In the absence of witnesses for the defence, the jury did not concur in this view of the case, and returned a verdict of “guilty.” I had to take

two gentlemen, a distance of eight miles to give security for my personal appearance on the floor of the King's Bench, to receive the sentence of the court. Such was the administration of justice in the Potteries at that period. I attended accordingly; the presiding judges were, Mr. Justice Bailey, Mr. Justice Littledale, and another.

Mr. Sergeant Ludlow, for the defendant, applied to the court for permission to read certain affidavits. Mr. Campbell, for the prosecution objected, but the objection was over-ruled. After a short affidavit made by the defendant, about ten others were read—which were made by persons of very opposite opinions in politics and religion; by bankers, respectable manufacturers, clergymen of the church of England, and dissenting ministers. These affidavits stated generally, that the defendant had conducted his paper with commendable moderation until hostilities arose; they never for a moment believed that the offensive passages applied, or could, apply to the prosecutors. The case was then mainly disposed of by the affidavit of the overseer of the parish, which stated that a workman was summoned before the parish authorities, for refusing to support his wife; his defence was, that she had infected him with a disgraceful disease, and he charged her so severely with the illicit connections, that she at length confessed to having been seduced into an act of adultery in one of the large pews of the chapel. This affidavit disposed of the main question. Mr. Justice Bailey delivered the sentence; after noticing the general good character of the paper, and the affidavits said there was a charge of duplicity which had not been replied to, and as the verdict of the jury must be expected, he named a small fine, which was immediately paid, and the defendant was liberated.

The bells of Hanley church rang a merry peal as the defendant entered the town, it having been rumoured that he would be heavily fined and imprisoned.

CHAPTER III.

SECOND AND THIRD CASE OF LIBEL.—CONTEST OF TAMWORTH ELECTION.

THE REPORTER.—COLERIDGE, CHARLES LAMB, AND ROBERT HALL.

THE RIFLEMAN.—BIRMINGHAM.

WHILE I was in London, a second case of libel occurred. A respectable solicitor, not named here, obtained a rule *nisi* against a lawyer, of the name of Jones, calling upon him to show cause why he should not be struck off the rolls; he cut out a small report of the case from the *New Times*, and sent it to my office for insertion in the paper, which was inserted accordingly, word for word as the copy, but he underscored one word, to be put in italics. Jones applied for the name of the person who sent the report. After the usual consultation, with correspondence, I waited on the solicitor, named the demand of Jones, observing that it was properly a case of the liberty of the press, and that I had better try it than him, for if Jones obtained a verdict, he would turn round on the printer. The solicitor, said, under some religious impressions he could not consent to my standing in his shoes; I was obliged, therefore, to send him his name, and the action was brought. Whether this gentleman found great difficulty in the support of his rule, or shrunk from contending with a desperate practitioner, the case preyed on his mind and distressed him; he attempted the rash act of suicide, not however fatally; he was discovered, and placed under surgical treatment, with an impaired voice. To re-

lieve him from further anxiety. His friends compromised the case with Jones for a considerable sum of money; Jones then brought his action against the printer.

Jones, attorney v. Amphlett.

I knew something of the man, and his swearing establishment of clerks and cads, who would make oath that I had ruined his professional business, &c. I had witnesses who knew him personally well, and often met him in public company; two of them deposed, that they had frequently heard him say, that he would not give a “d—— for a clerk who would not swear that a coach and four was a hen and chickens.” This essentially disposed of the case. The Judge in his summary, remarked, that the liberty of the press required the privilege of reporting the short cases, and that the placing of one word in italics could not alter the meaning of the sentence. The jury, without turning round, found a verdict for the defendant.

Jones tried to obtain a new trial, but never proceeded in it; he was a man of straw, and I had to sustain the expense of the trial. The solicitor liberally remitted to me about one-half of the sum.

THIRD CASE OF LIBEL.

The Honourable (?) James Stamp Sutton Cooke v. Amphlett.

This self-styled Honourable Mr. Stamp, was the brother of Stafford Cooke, who put in the claim to the Barony of Stafford, and the Jerningham estate, in and round the Borough of Stafford. Mr. Stamp was the battle horse of his brother. The claim had been agitated in the courts, and set forth so long a line of ancestry, that as one of the counsel said, Adam was only in the middle of it. Having failed in the courts, Mr. Stamp brought down to Stafford a staff of needy lawyers, and set them all to work; he issued writs of ejection against all the tenant farmers, &c., and proceeded to cut down timber and appoint gamekeepers, &c., throwing all the town and neighbourhood into the most “admired disorder.” I happened to be in Stafford about the time, and met one of the county members, who observed to me that the county paper was timid in attacking the imposter; he suggested that I might take the subject up in my paper, at Hanley, which circulated in the town of Stafford.

After a consultation with Mr. Seckerston, the solicitor of the Jerningham family, I accordingly proceeded, week after week, to denounce and expose the imposter; branding him with the charge of being an old gambling black-leg of the turf, and a swindler, &c. This so annoyed him, that he got Jones, the lawyer, to bring an action against me for a libel; he got it removed into the jurisdiction of Derbyshire, on the plea, that I had raised such an outcry against him, that he would not have a fair trial in Staffordshire. The case came on at the next Derbyshire assizes, before a special jury. Jones retained N. G. Clarke, Esq., as leading counsel; I employed Mr. Vaughan,—afterwards Mr. Justice Vaughan—and another in the defence; we put forth special pleas of justification. Mr. Vaughan then proceeded to say that we had called him a *chevalier d'industrie*, and admitted that the translation of the French meant a swindler;—our witnesses proved this fact,—and also, that he had been tried and convicted of the offence of bigamy, and read the record of his conviction at the Old Bailey. This so amused the spectators, that Mr. Clarke appealed to the Judge against being laughed out of court. The judge, Baron Garrow, said, that “he knew not how to interfere, for he could not help laughing himself.”

In a brief summary of the evidence, the Judge referred to the clear proof of the special pleas of justification, except one charge referring to a fraud on the Continent, very difficult of proof; and if they found for the plaintiff on that charge, they would probably lament that they lived in a country where there was not a smaller coin than a farthing. The jury, then, without turning round, found a verdict for the defendant.

Mr. Vaughan, whose eloquence I remember at Warwick, and after the record of the conviction at the Old Bailey, said, “There Sir, is the claim of this pretender to the Barony of Stafford:—James Stamp Sutton Cooke, and a pretty stamp it has upon it; he was not half a gentleman till we stamped felon on his scutcheon of pretence.”

Here the case ended; it literally exploded, and we never heard any thing more of the *sham* Lord. After my consultation with the solicitor of the family, the case was in the hands of their London solicitor, who undertook all the expenses of the prosecution. Mr. Stamp Sutton Cooke and his brother, with his paper coronet, were men of straw. I reported the case for my own paper, which was copied and printed in London, by order of the London solicitor.

CONTEST OF TAMWORTH ELECTION. 1820.

The riot and violence at the Tamworth election, between Mr Peel and Lord Charles Townsend, in 1820, led to another action brought against the writer by Sir Robt. Peel, which was afterwards withdrawn under the following circumstances.

Sir Robert Peel v. Amphlett.

A violent correspondence arose between the different friends of both parties, and both exercised the liberty of the press. A gentleman of landed estate, and living near the town, wrote several letters on the conduct of Sir Robert Peel, in one of which, signed *Justus* or *Philo Justus*, he imputed dishonesty to Sir Robert Peel in relation to the failure of the Tamworth bank. Sir Robert applied to the editor for the name of the writer; the editor had the usual consultation with the writer, and was especially requested not to give in the name until after a short period had elapsed, a promise which he incautiously gave, and the action was brought against the printer; the editor soon afterwards discovered that during this interval, the writer of the offensive letter was proceeding against one of the sons of Sir Robert Peel, for a constructive assault, by shaking a whip over him as he was going to church with his daughter, and telling him to consider himself well horse-whipped. What the result of this action was I do not know, but suppose it was some fine laid on Mr. Peel.

The above action being at an end, and the time arrived for the author of the letter to give up his name, the editor applied for his permission so to do; his application was met with delays, in equivocations; a definitive reply was then required, which also was not answered. The editor then wrote to Sir Robt. Peel, stating that he was prepared to give up the name of the writer of the offensive letter. Sir Robert Peel then sent an express messenger to Lichfield, desiring the editor would take a chaise, and go over to Drayton Manor; which he did. Accordingly, he was introduced by Sir Robert Peel to Mr. Dawson and his solicitor; to the latter of whom he was well known. Mr. Dawson, the son-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, and a gentleman well known, was to act as the editor's friend, to the effect, that if there was no satisfactory result in the interview, no advantage should be taken. The letters were then given up and read, and compared with the letters in the newspaper, by Mr. Willington, who declared them to be all in the

hand-writing of the gentleman suspected. Sir Robert then ordered legal proceedings to be withdrawn against the editor and taken against the writer.

The case was tried in London, and Sir James Scarlett retained for the prosecution. He made a speech of extraordinary severity against the writer of the letter, not forgetting his conduct against the printer. The verdict was against the defendant, with a heavy fine and three months' imprisonment. The editor, on parting with Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton, was told by the worthy Baronet, that he never believed in the editor being the writer of the letter, though other persons did; he shook hands with the editor kindly, who was then proceeding to Birmingham, and made this memorable observation: "You will live to see Birmingham and all the large towns return members to Parliament."

This was in the year 1820. Awful old tory as he was, he was a far seeing man, and charitable beyond all other men in the contributions; for many thousands of starving workmen, in the manufacturing districts, received £500 from him, when Peers gave their £100 each. His confidence in his country at the mutiny of the Nore, and his contributions to the patriotic fund, will be long remembered. It was well said of him that "he was a man whom wealth could not honour, but who honoured wealth."

THE REPORTER.

The reporter was a stranger in this part of the kingdom, when I first took my note-book and seat amongst the barristers in the Crown court, at Stafford assizes. The counsel engaged, kindly forwarded me their names, and the clerk of the arraigns, another officer of the court. I procured Mr. Bennet, the solicitor of Penkeridge, to give an account of the proceedings in the other court. About this time there was a single election of Lord Leveson Gower, for the county; I reported the proceedings of that meeting; these reports gave a new feature, and a new interest to the county paper. I continued to write free strictures on the public measures, and the conduct of public men, without reference to parties. Collins and Keen, solicitors, purchased one-half, and, afterwards, the whole of the copy-right of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*.

My writings were too liberal for the tories, who started a Pottery paper, in which, the well known Mr. Gifford wrote the leaders, in London,

at two guineas a week; taking advantage of a literal error, I referred to it obscurely, in a note to a correspondent. Some curious person discovered the error, and it became a subject of remark in private circles; such was the commotion, that a great number of persons sent in their orders for the paper to be stopped. This paper was soon discontinued, literally snuffed out, not by an article, but by a verbal error; and instead of displacing the *Advertiser*, confirmed its ascendancy. On the occasion of some strictures on Cambridge election, the article was copied in the *Globe*, another London paper, when some tory of the county waited on Lord Gower, and complained of such writings in the *Staffordshire Advertiser*. Lord Leveson Gower wrote a letter to the editor, naming the circumstance, and saying, that his reply was, that he should not interfere with the liberty of the press. Soon after this, Mr. Collins, without consulting Mr. Keen, sold the paper to Mr. Charles Chester, a respectable printer and stationer, in Newcastle. Among the exchanged papers which the editor was receiving, there were only three which gave original strictures; *Drakard's Stamford News*, the *Sheffield Iris*, and the *Tyne Mercury*; the former brought out Mr. Scott, who was shot in a magazine duel, at the Whitehouse. Mr. James Montgomery, the poet and patriarch of Sheffield, and Mr. Hewson, who is named in Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in a marginal note, as *Subaudi*, Esq. What Hewson had done at Lord Byron, I never learned.

After the sale of the paper, the editor entered into a correspondence with some London gentlemen, and connected himself with the London press.

COLERIDGE, CHARLES LAMB, AND ROBERT HALL.

LONDON, 1811, 12, & 13.

I purchased a press, types, and the regular plant of a newspaper, at an office in Clerkenwell, with a practical printer. I had a brother, who was a Unitarian, with literary taste and literary friends, who wanted a newspaper in the dissenting interest printed on a Wednesday; I projected a Sunday paper, so that the two might interchange some services. My brother had married a daughter of Mr. Brent, an established tobacconist, in Bishopgate-street-within; another sister married a literary gentleman, with whom the celebrated Coleridge re-

sided for a short time: I frequently met Mr. Coleridge there, and Charles Lamb, a kind of Lion's provider. In the midst of the profound thought and mystic lore, Lamb, who would often break in with what, his fair hostess called, a skit, showing the proximity of the great and the little, testing the sublime by the ridiculous. One night I chanced to have a Leicester newspaper in my pocket, containing a speech made by the celebrated Robert Hall, at a platform meeting of the advocates of the Bible Society; Coleridge read it with great interest, and remarked, how ingeniously Hall dealt with the argument in a circle. He afterwards said, "these platform meetings, where clergymen and dissenting ministers come into competition, as to which should bid the highest for support in religious zealots, and puritanical enthusiasts; these circumstances, he said, would lead to a low church, and a high church wider apart, than ever yet was known,—one, leaning to the latitudinarian services of the dissenters, and the other, to the ceremonials of the Roman catholics." This was the effect of what he said, in general language, and the prediction has been verified.

THE RIFLEMAN.

The "Rifleman" was a literary paper, with criticisms—political and theatrical. My opinions are thus expressed, in the number, published January 18th, 1812, from the scrap of one half of the paper accidentally preserved.

Before we commence a review of others, we ought, perhaps, to say something of ourselves. What we have to say, however, is soon told. We come "unknowing and unknown," on the scene of competition. *We have neither party nor patron; nor will we have any.* We have no long company of partners, who thrust papers in all the ramifications of reading—as the proprietors of water-works insinuate their channels, like veins, through the *body corporate* of this great metropolis. It presupposes a paper to be a *bad article* that requires such means of support; and in order to conciliate and secure the same, it is necessary that its politics should *borrow a tinge* from the opinion of every friend. This enables it to exhibit a most beautiful specimen of *rainbow reasoning*.

Were it not for the commencement of *new papers*, we might follow this speculation till we forsook the destruction of all journals, as Darwin describes the probable end of the universe. We change the words (in *italics*) to accommodate the subject.

Roll on ye STARS ! exhalt in youthful prime ;
 Mark, with bright wit the *printing* steps of time.
 Near and more near your *paper* cars approach,
 And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
 Flowers of the *art*—ye too to age must yield,
 Frail as your silken sisters of the field !
 STAR after STAR from *printing fame* shall rush,
 SUNS sink on SUNS, and *Globes on Globes* shall crush.
 Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
 And death, and night, and chaos, mingle all !
 Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
 Immortal *News* shall lift her changeful form ;
 Mount from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
 And *print* and *puff* another and the same.

The motto of the "Rifleman" was, to "shoot folly as it flies," with a neat woodcut, illustrative of Punch with his rifle.

BIRMINGHAM.

Up to 1820, the "Lichfield Mercury" had a considerable circulation in Birmingham; it took up the memorable murder of Mary Ashford, by Abraham Thornton, violated, and drowned in a pit, adjoining the place, in going from a dance at Edrington, near Birmingham. His acquittal at the trial produced a sensation never equalled in any similar event.

The editor procured a map of the place; had a sketch taken of the personal appearance of both parties by an artist, and engraved. The evidence turned on a point of time, as to whether Thornton, when he was seen at a style with the girl, could proceed to the scene of violation, and then be seen again at a given distance within the period; this turned on different country clocks, notorious only from their variation from each other, and all from true time. The greater portion of the new evidence for another trial was procured, and sent to the solicitor at Birmingham, (Mr. Y. Bedford, as far as I can recollect.) At the second trial, Thornton's counsel took shelter under a very old Act, by which it was seen that no man could be tried on a second charge of murder on which he had been acquitted, except by wager of battle before the Sovereign, between the heir-at-law of the person murdered, and the accused murderer, when Providence would decide on the case.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRMINGHAM (CONTINUED.)—THE FATHER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.—
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE SERGEANT WILKINS.

SOME case of wrong inflicted on influential parties in Birmingham, by either the Board of Trade, or the Board of Taxes, a statement of which was sent to the editor of the “Lichfield Mercury,” and published. The “Board demanded the name of the writer, and a threat of an action for libel. The editor consulted his correspondent, and received a full indemnity for the result, from Mr. Gem, solicitor. The editor took no notice of the *threat*, and no action followed.

In 1820, the editor was invited to meet Thomas Atwood and Joshua Scholfield, Esqrs., at Spooner and Atwood’s bank, when a proposal was made to establish a new public Journal, in Birmingham, in £5 subscriptions to the amount of £500 in the whole, distributed through Birmingham and Staffordshire.

The editor, having disposed of his press and types, in the sale of his Lichfield paper, he undertook, on the faith of this proposal, to purchase a new iron Albion press, new types, and all the “plant” of a regular newspaper. He took a printing and publishing office in New-street, and a house for himself at Edgebaston, when the “Birmingham Mercury” was regularly commenced. The shares had not all been filled up, when it was found that there were three parties, who differed in opinion as to the political tone of the paper. The editor declined a censorship in any form whatever, and called a meeting of the shareholders at Freeth’s coffee-house; requiring them to produce another

person who would take the materials of the office, and carry on the concern. About fourteen met, not one of whom would agree to the appointment of another person; another party held a meeting elsewhere. The editor then announced his intention to retire at the end of the year, unless his request was complied with. The young man, who acted as clerk and publisher, wrote out a debtor and creditor account of the receipts and disbursements of the paper, which was printed and circulated among the shareholders, showing a deficit of about £80, without any charge having been made for an editor. The editor met all his liabilities of the year, and removed his press, types, &c., to another place. Many of the shares were never paid up.

Thomas Atwood, Esq., and several other gentlemen acted very honourably to the editor on that occasion.

“THE FATHER OF THE ENGLISH PRESS.”

(*From the Shrewsbury Chronicle, 1856.*)

This is a proud distinction for any man; and the gentleman to whom it has been fitly applied is Mr. James Amphlett, a well-known journalist in this and the neighbouring counties of Stafford and Worcester. A writer in the *Liverpool Albion*, copying Mr. Amphlett's letter, “Recollections of the late Sergeant Wilkins,” which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, has given a brief epitome of his life; but has, in so doing, fallen into an error as regards the number of years since Mr. Amphlett first conducted a newspaper on his own account. The writer says it is “upwards of sixty.” We believe, however, that ten years must be deducted from that period. In 1845, Mr. Amphlett, shortly before the death of Mr. John Eddowes, for many years the proprietor of the *Salopian Journal*, and who at that period was proprietor of *Eddowes' Journal*, (after the sale of the *Salopian*), became editor of *Eddowes'*, and his connection with that paper continued until 1853, when it was sold by the widow of Mr. Eddowes. Since that period Mr. Amphlett has been enjoying the “lettered ease” which a long and eventful life, spent in the turmoil of party politics and exciting home and foreign topics, so much needs—not, however, wholly sequestering himself from newspaper, and periodical literature, but using his fertile pen as a pleasurable recreation. Mr. Amphlett resides in Shrewsbury; and although in his 81st year, apparently enjoys his green old age much better than many men a quarter of a century his juniors.

We copy the article upon Mr. Amphlett from the *Liverpool Albion*, believing it to be written by a gentleman who, some years ago, was one of our "bright particular stars" in the horizon of Salopian newspaper literature:—"He, Mr. Amphlett, was a distinguished journalist in the best days of English journalism; that is, when the profession was more intellectual and somewhat less mechanical than it has since become:—when Southey, Coleridge, Galt, Jas. Stewart, Dr. Croly, and numerous others of a very high order of mind were regular writers in the daily and weekly press of the metropolis.

When Leigh Hunt seceded from the *News*, then, and for many years the leading weekly journal, and, with his brother John Hunt, started the *Examiner* in rivalry to the *News*, in 1810, Mr. Amphlett became the principal writer, his article in the first page, generally on foreign politics being more quoted, both at home and abroad, than any other or most others of the period; several of them, especially in relation to the incidents in the Bonapartean war, being frequently reprinted, in a separate form, years after they had been written, and when their anticipations had become matters of history. Though never seeking to emerge from the seclusion to which custom has doomed anonymous journalism in this country, and under which many of the brightest intellects of the time have descended to obscure and nameless graves, Mr. Amphlett, like the late Captain Stirling, was known to a large circle of admiring friends, including the prominent contemporary celebrities in politics, literature, the arts, and the drama; for in almost every department of composition he excelled, his political pasquinades, for example, often adding to the lustre of well-known names in the popular mouth, the real author being wholly unsuspected.

As another evidence of his versatility it may be mentioned that the first Charles Mathews regarded him as the best theatrical critic of an era, that took its histrionic tone from such writers as Hazlitt, Lamb, Holcroft, and Talfourd, and who had Siddons, the Kembles, Kean, Suett, Liston, Munden, Mrs. Jordan, &c., as the *materiel* for commentary. Being behind the scenes of the political stage, and seeing, or fancying he saw, a vast deal of Whig jobbery in respect to particular counties and boroughs, in the first draft of the Reform Bill, he refused to countenance the universal furore that broke out in favour of the bill, and, seceding from the *News*, adopted the moderate, but to all sides most unpalatable, tone of the party of whom then Lords Harrowby

and Wharnccliffe were the head. This being long before even Lord Melbourne thought it worth while to 'say that 'of all mad things the maddest was the admission of foreign corn;' of course free trade was scouted by nearly all writers, and by Mr. Amphlett among the rest; but his views on most other social questions were far in advance of his time, and abreast of those that are now urged as if they were the discoveries of the passing hour. Few men have, personally exercised so large an influence on younger journalists as Mr. Amphlett; and by one of these whose greatest ambition was to be deemed capable of distantly imitating so accomplished a master, and who is but too conscious of the failure of the effort, this *souvenir* of an active life, now extending towards the ninetieth year, is offered in connection with the annexed record, whose subject matter possesses some local interest to the readers of the *Albion*."

To the above, the writer quotes Amphlett's recollections of the late

SERGEANT WILKINS.

(*To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.*)

SIR,—Observing some statements in the newspapers maligning the early character of the late Sergeant Wilkins, I take the opportunity of doing an act of justice to an old and talented political opponent.

I do not wish to obtrude on the public any circumstances affecting myself any further than they relate to the objects in view, and the peculiar character of an eventful period in the national history.

It was in, or about the year 1830 (for I have no file of papers to refer to), when Mr. Wilkins crossed my path, and I was conducting my own paper, in Lincoln, on temperate Tory principles. Catholic Emancipation had passed; the Roman Catholics in Ireland and England were appeased, and the chiefs of the Catholic nobility had originated a subscription to erect a splendid monument to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, which, however, was never carried out. There was a lull in reform agitations. The Duke, Sir. R. Peel, Earl Wilton, and others, had previously accepted of invitations to public dinners at Manchester and Birmingham, the design of which was to ascertain the opinions of the great leaders of those towns, how far the concession of the elective franchise was desirable, or would be beneficial to such places; and the substance of the answers received was, that it might be injurious, in creating political agitations and divisions inimical to the peace and pros-

perity of such active populations.* On some similar public occasion, the Duke, when questioned on the subject of reform, said "that such reforms were not then called for, or desired in large towns." This gave birth to the general reports, which stated that the Duke was opposed to all reform, and the continued repetition of these assertions had obtained a currency which passed as a matter of fact. I wrote to the Duke in 1840, representing how desirable it was that such false statements should be contradicted, as they tended to falsify and vitiate the materials of history. He wrote me a reply, a copy of which I subjoin to this letter. †

The genius of reform was slumbering, but not sleeping, and Wilkins was the first man to evoke it. A few men of extreme opinions in Lincoln, collected a fund to oppose my paper. One of them being at Nottingham, heard Mr. Wilkins declaiming most eloquently in favour of reform, as an object more than ever necessary; in consequence of which he was invited to come and be the editor of the newspaper, and my opponent. He was then a very young man, but well educated, and very unlike any person so reduced as to go about singing songs at low public-houses for a pint of ale, &c., as some reports represent him to have done. The first thing he did was to write to persons in Staffordshire in order to learn something as to my antecedents: and as I had in that locality been in a state of sharp warfare with the chiefs of a violent religious sect, called the Killamites, which originated in that county,—(called subsequently, the methodist new connexion,) he procured of course much rubbish as matters of abuse, of which he made the most, though I never took the trouble to notice or contradict it—my former character being well known to many respectable gentlemen in the city, as connected with the late Mr. Drewery's *Staffordshire Advertiser*; Drewery being a native of the city. Some persons have nick-named Mr. Wilkins as *Peter Wilkins* (allusive to the old story of the Flying Dutchman), the public adopted the notion that it was his proper name,

* Such were the representations of the daily press at the time.

† THE DUKE'S NOTE.

"London, April 29th, 1840.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Amphlett.

The Duke has, throughout a long life passed in the military, diplomatical, and political service of the state, now of more than half a century's duration, been persecuted by the misrepresentations and libels of the daily press. He has learnt to despise such nonsensical trash, and, at all events, never to notice such stuff, excepting in the mode pointed out by the law.

The Duke begs leave to decline to correspond with Mr. Amphlett upon the subject adverted to in his letter of the 28th April.

J. AMPHLETT, Esq., Stafford.

and his letters to the office were superscribed Peter Wilkins, Esq., which much annoyed him. He was a young man much superior to the party who had retained him, and the post of personalities assigned him. With youth, a handsome person, a fine voice, and an eloquent delivery, he became ashamed of some of his associates from their violence. I was informed of some of the facts related among the present current reports about the sergeant, in the papers,—which, speaking of him, says: “That he had weaknesses, and gross ones, is but too true; and a very amusing incident is known to more than one connected with some enquiries at the stage door of the then Warwick theatre, at Stratford, as to the whereabouts of one Wilkins, late schoolmaster in Birmingham, who had quitted and left chargeable to the parish, &c.” Mr. W. learnt that this intelligence had been communicated to me, and addressed me in a private note, begging I would not depart from the public matters in discussion to some unfortunate circumstances that would reach me in relation to a female, &c. I wrote in reply to his note, that it was unnecessary, as it was a rule with me never to violate the sanctity of private life in the discussion of public principles. We met a short time afterwards at a memorable execution of two criminals, in the court yard of Lincoln Castle, whither we had gone for the same purpose of taking notes of the manners and bearing of the offenders. One was a ferocious burglar, who had, with others, entered a country house at night, masked, and exhibiting swords and pistols, and perpetrated a great robbery; the other was a poor sheep-stealer, and the last I believe, who was hung for that class of offences: his plea was, that he intended to remunerate the person robbed. Mr. Wilkins and myself took a few notes—how the burglar, a stout fellow, six feet high, walked in silence to the scaffold like a Roman hero, unshaken; and the trembling penitent, who had been a local preacher, with a bible in his hands, muttering his prayers. Mr. Wilkins, thanking me for my courtesies, said he was going to leave his post and the city; we literally shook hands under the gallows, and parted, and I never heard of him afterwards, till I traced him coming out as a successful barrister.

At the time Wilkins was a member of the press in the city of Lincoln, Radicalism was rampant in that county.

After the passing of the Emancipation Act the conduct of the Tories was a quiet submission, with gloomy forebodings, to the law; but the French Revolution of the three days, and that of Belgium succeeding it,

the spirit of "progress" arose that carried us onward in storms up to the eve of the Reform Bill. We are now commencing a session and a Parliament which will have to deal with the subject; but we are happily in no danger of any project of reform coming with such a heady current as in 1830-31-32. The *Times* of Monday Last has a well-reasoned article on the principle of Reform apart from details, from which few intelligent Tories will dissent, in the main argument. We should except to the call for "more metropolitan boroughs," while the constituencies of those already created are below parcompared to many of those in the country boroughs.

The turning point of the danger in 1831 was at that particular juncture when then the King turned round on the Grey ministry and dismissed them, resenting what he considered an advantage taken of him by Earl Grey, in the creation, or promised creation, of Peers. The Tories were coerced on this occasion; it was on no advice of theirs; they were obliged to stand by the King for the moment, but their conduct was judicious and forbearing. A small circular note, in lithograph, was sent to the Lord-Lieutenants of counties for the lieutenancy of the kingdom. Of that short lithographed note, which was never acted upon, and which, I believe, was never published, I obtained a copy; it is without date as to the year, but it must have been in May, 1831-2. The following is a transcript:

"London, May.

It is deemed of the utmost importance at the present moment, that all his Majesty's loyal subjects who feel it a duty to support the King in the exercise of his constitutional prerogative should instantly express, by addresses to the throne, their attachment to his person and family, and their determination to support him in upholding the supremacy of the laws."

In three or four days at the utmost, if not less, the King was advised by the Tories to recall the Grey ministry. The people were furious, only as to having the "*the Bill!*" and "the whole of the bill;" but as they required nothing "but the Bill," the moment it was granted the storm was hushed.

It was a fearful period. It was known that I was conducting my paper on my own resources, and on most unpopular principles, at a perilous time, and in a large county that had no other Conservative journal to divide the invidious duty,—the *Stamford and Lincoln Mercury*, the *Boston Gazette*, and Drakard's paper, being all liberal. I of course enjoyed the confidence of many of the aristocracy, clergy, and gentry of

the county, and much confidential correspondence. I apprised the Duke of Wellington of some attempts that were being made to excite a mutiny in the Lincolnshire Militia, which had been called up at that time; and thus by the vigilance of Lord Brownlow, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, every precaution was taken, and two sides of the county were overlaid by detachments of the line. The Duke of Newcastle, with whom I was in occasional correspondence, was in danger of mob murder, in attending a charity ball at Newark. Public men were so alarmed that I was told by one in high authority, that he scarcely knew on whom he could rely in an hour of emergency. I received many "Swing letters," threatening to "burn me out," which I considered only as *bruta fulmina*,* and as they came from professed incendiaries they went into their own element—the fire. What the million destroy the "Hundred" must make good.

I avail myself, by your courtesy, of the circulation of your journal for these gossiping observations, and am, &c., &c.,

Shrewsbury, April 28, 1840.

JAMES AMPHLETT.

The original letter and note have been copied at the *Chronicle* office.

* Englishmen are not assassins; and much of popular fury is a mere menace of words in our vernacular. I often went into a numerous company at the Falstaff Inn, Lincoln, where usually none but Liberals attended, but never received either insult or affront. They rather enjoyed a little opposition than otherwise, as it enabled them to come out stronger with their barleycorn thunder. Such was the confidence of the people in their cause that I was once offered a considerable wager that the King dissolved the House of Peers if they did not pass the Reform Bill.

CHAPTER V.

THE PRESS OF PAST TIMES.—THE NEWSPAPER; LETTER I.—THE NEWSPAPER; LETTER II.—THE FAG END OF AN OLD STORY: SOMEWHAT LITERARY, AS NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

(*From the Shrewsbury Chronicle.*)

WE' extract the following from the *Liverpool Albion*, premising that even now the writer contributes leading articles to more than one conservative newspaper :

SIR,—In copying my “Recollections of the late Sergeant Wilkins,” you have done me the honour of some professional courtesies, to which I am afraid I am very slightly entitled. Old editors, who have been constantly, more or less, in the *melée* of the political strife of national parties during the present century, take kicks and compliments with the like coolness and equanimity, often ill deserving of either. There are one or two trifling inaccuracies in your statement of my antecedents. It is nearer fifty than sixty years since I was first connected with the property of newspapers, and then only in shares with other persons in different journals in London, all of which went down, and deserved no other fate. Poor Scott, formerly known to me by his “exchange paper,” the *Stamford News*, and who was shot in the magazine duel at the White House, wished me to join him in the *Champion*, which I declined. He was the ablest country journalist I ever met with, at least, in those times. Montgomery, of the *Sheffield Iris*, (James, not Bob,) called on me in London, in 1812. I had reviewed and eulogised his poems, about the

time when the "Blue and Buff" had thundered its *judez damnatur*, &c., over his muse, and he said my praise had been a comfort to him. He was almost as sensitive as the bard who was "snuffed out by an article." Hewson Clarke, of the *Tyne Mercury*, "*Subaudi* esquire," immortalized in Byron's *Dunciad*, sent me one of my exchanges. A Cambridge paper, (name forgotten), edited by some Dissenting minister, was the first Jacobin journal I ever read, and that was in my school days, at Northampton. It is with no pleasing feelings that, in our memories, we walk over the dust of three generations of talented contemporaries. An incidental notoriety attached to my leaders in the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, from about the year 1804 to 1811, on their being so often quoted by the *Courier*, when edited by Mr. Street, and by the *Globe*, edited by Mr. White, one of the proprietors. I corresponded occasionally with Street on other matters, and, to prevent the invidiousness of frequent quotations from the same paper, he had my authority to work up anything he found in my writing, as raw material, of which he frequently availed himself. All personal feelings were then absorbed in the patriotism of the times, and the *fierté* of my strictures was only the echo of the national spirit. The *Courier* lost its ablest conductor when Street left it. One of his brightest days was that on which he gave a splendid dinner to Madame Catalani, when he sported the elegant service presented to him by the Prince Regent. Coleridge was there and he told me that there was "nothing in his wines so humble as port, and he called for a bottle to shame him."

There is but one person living—or was living about nine years past—to whom I was well known sixty-six years ago, and that is Henry Bynner, Esq., who, up to that late period, was the British Consul at Trieste for forty-five years. Mr. Bynner was a self-educated young man, who made himself master of the French and German languages, and stenography, at a very early age. He took an important trial in shorthand, at Warwick, in a case of property, which was published, and said to be the first thing of the kind known in that county. I acquired my first rude notions from him of the art of reporting, as well as of the French language. Mr. Bynner who must be my senior by six or seven years, was a more particular and intimate friend of an elder brother of mine, who emigrated to America, and wrote the *Emigrant's Directory*, which he dedicated to Mr. Bynner, as his earliest and best friend: published by Longman and Co., London. Observing in the Birmingham

papers, some few years ago, the death of Mrs. Bynner, wife of her Majesty's Consul at Trieste, I wrote a letter to my old tutor, though he was then a young one, sympathizing with him. I have his reply. It is in a clear and steady hand that shames mine, and bears the date, "Sherbourne-road, Balsall-heath, Birmingham, June 1, 1841." He thanks me for my kind condolence with him, and begs if I ever came to Birmingham, I will come and see him. He tells me that my letter "recalls to mind our youthful days;" and that he "has still friends left in Birmingham." I have never been over in that quarter since; but trust he is still living, though he must be hard on ninety years of age. I might, perhaps, here name an instance of my earliest efforts at reporting,—not in short-hand, for I never had patience to learn it, but as practised on sermons when I could get nothing local.

When Binns and Gale Jones were sent down as delegates from the London Corresponding Society, to lecture on the importance of trial by jury—it being at or about the time when the prosecution of Hardy, Thelwall, and others were on the tapis, and whom Windham called the "acquitted felons," and which period brought out Erskine—I attended a lecture delivered at an obscure ale-house, in Suffolk-street, by Binns, and took some notes. The delegates were prosecuted for sedition, and I was subpoenaed on the trial at Warwick. On a consultation, I was deemed too young to be put in the witness-box; but got a seat in the court near to Dr. Parr, the great liberal Whig of the time, who faced the jury in his full-blown dress wig, menacing them with his daring eye if they dreamt of finding a verdict of guilty. Mr. Vaughan, afterwards Mr. Justice Vaughan, was the counsel for the defendants, and considered the only liberal barrister on the circuit. He made a most eloquent defence. The jury had to retire, and were locked up for several hours in a room at the inn, but ultimately returned a verdict of not guilty. Among my records of some knowledge of the departed great, I have, among others, in my old scrap-book, letters of the celebrated R. B. Sheridan, and his son Tom, the hero of the salons, the best gentleman-dancer of his day, the best snipe-shot, master of the gloves in an amateur sparring-match, and the best boon companion of the bottle. I was his head squib-writer when he contested the borough of Stafford with a Mr. Phillips, a Welshman; Tom having the celebrated Peter Finnarty as his spouter, at the Bull-ring, and Phillips, the noted O. P. Clifford, the leader of the great O. P. Row, at Drury-lane. Tom lost the election with more glory than

his opponent won it, namely from coming too late. Fast living brought on a decline, and his last days were spent as a private secretary, at the Cape, to Lord Charles Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan. I have also some relics in letters of Holcroft and Godwin, and was a contributor to the *Theatrical Recorder*, published by the former, as long as it lasted. I wrote to Godwin to ridicule some scenes on his last and worst novel of *Fleetwood*, rating the bathos of that scene in his hero, where he did not choose, in his jealousy, to thrash his wife in the common old English fashion. He rather chose to dress up a mawkin with the bolster and pillow of his bed, in her night dress and cap, and then "pitch into her." Godwin wrote in reply, to defend his delicacy as an heroic husband, saying that he was ambitious of rivalling the old "Man of Feeling."

Not so the gentle moralist of Tweed;
His "man of feeling" was a man indeed.

Some of the foregoing "recollections" may have an interest in reference to these worthies. Reminiscences of old seers, my juniors, have had their day, and become a literary drug. There is a Toryism that ranks high above that school of Tories as a class or clan of partizans, and which looks solely to the security of the monarchy in its prerogatives, rights, and immunities, and the integrity of the Church, in their respected dealings with the spirit of the age, so as to preserve the equilibrium of our mixed political system. The revenues of the Church are the revenues of religious liberty in Europe. A sketch of the state of society and trade at the latter end of the last and beginning of the present century; the advance of the press, *pari passu*, with the knowledge of the age; the Birmingham Church and King Riots, by a young Rioter, when twelve years of age: some account of Bage,* the best novelist of the last century, whose works were the most popular of the time, though he was the first writer who introduced a strong dash of liberal politics in works of fiction; he was the personal friend of Dr. Priestley,—these might furnish a brief volume of amusing and interesting matter, when the mere twaddle of the ancients is no longer tolerated. I am, respected sir, your obedient Servant,

Salop, June, 1857.

JAMES AMPHLETT.

* The Mr. Bage here alluded to was the father of Mr. Bage, of the firm of Messrs. Benyon and Bage, thread and linen manufacturers, of this town. Shortly before the death of Dr. Darwin, some account was published by Mr. Amphlett of Mr. Bage, and Dr. Darwin expressed his regret that he was unable to communicate some particulars thereon. It is deserving of remark that nearly all the popular literature of the present century was written by Liberals—Bage, Godwin, Holcroft, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Campbell, and Southey at starting.—See his *Wat Tyler*.—Ed. S. C.

THE NEWSPAPER.—LETTER I.

(From the Liverpool Albion.)

SIR.—Cowper called a newspaper a

———"Folio of four pages,

Which not e'en critics criticise ;"

So low was his estimate of critics, and the "lower depth" of the newspaper of his days. I prefer your paper to most others, on account of its selections,—a judgment in which is the great art of the press,—leaving leaders (always waiving the lengthy) to the more thinking portion of the readers. The original proprietor of the *Staffordshire Advertiser* served his apprenticeship on the *Derby Mercury*, one of the oldest country newspapers in the kingdom, and which was for many years called the "*Fool's Chronicle*," at the Chapter Coffee-house, though now a highly respectable paper of the class *Conservative*. This Derby compositor did the editing, in his way, and often said that he had to look into the last *Lady's Magazine* for something fresh in the postscript. The latest intelligence was, however, slow in distribution, for the said paper was printed, from its foundation, so as to leave one entire day for it to be dried on the lines of the office, and got ready for the farmers and country readers attending the market day ; hence the present day of its publication. The staple of the postscript often consisted of "burnt children," or "recipes for the bite of a mad dog,"—no matter when or where. Now, this Derby boy, who became a proprietor and editor of his own journal, and died in the year 1842, was one of the best judges of a selection for a newspaper that I ever met with, though the writer has had an experience far greater than his. "What he thought the people would like to read" was his guiding star; and not what exactly suits the editor's taste and opinion of the selector. I like your selection in matters interesting to men of literary taste and the lovers of science, because they are choice and rare. You avoid all the dogmata of religionists, for you cannot approach the line separating the secular from the sacred without some "border fray," in the shape or shade of priestcraft. When men approach the affairs of church or chapel, they seem to lose sight of their Christianity, though the divine biography of the Saviour of men is the plainest and purest lesson to mankind of charitable forbearance. The hundreds of waggon loads of religious controversy have done more to divide Christians than unite them in Christian brotherhood.

In politics, as well as in religion, all men have the right of private judgment; and, if we write our own opinions, openly and honestly, we are respected by all reasonable men, whether they agree with us or not, leaving rancour and abuse to mediocrity, and avoiding the shams of neutrality where there are no neutrals. In the affairs of France and the Western Alliance, the ablest writers observe a certain reticence; and *The Times* very properly calls our attention, occasionally, to the old anti-English nationality of the French people, whether of the Empire, the Legitimists, or the Republicans. They talk often of a new India in Africa,—of the future Morocco and Tunis; of a “Queen of the Mediterranean” and of the Alps,—and this, both in the papers, “the Government and the “Divine Right” men; of our possible inability to reconquer India without the aid of an European force; of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, in “exchange;” of Palmerston crossing the French policy on cutting the isthmus of Suez,—the Premier being aware that, so long as armies are to be sent round the Cape, and England retains her naval ascendancy, our rivals on the Continent have no chance with us. All this is *significant*, and worthy of being kept in mind. The Premier may sleep; but he sleeps like the watch-dog—with one eye open.

If you deem these slips of opinion worthy of insertion, I may probably add a few more. I am, &c.,

October 26.

AN OLD POLITICIAN.

THE NEWSPAPER.—LETTER II.

(*From the Liverpool Albion.*)

THE FAG-END OF AN OLD STORY: SOMEWHAT LITERARY, AS
NEWSPAPER GOSSIP.

“Talking of Berkeley Castle,” as Ollapod would say, puts the writer in mind of his early days, when he read a cheap *Doctor Faustus*, who was a compositor at the case before he took out his diploma as D. D., Doctor of Diablerie, with a staff of infantry in the black uniform of the art, who have preserved all the traditions of their origin in one unbroken succession,—much more perfect than that of the Papal chair, that is said to be deficient in the first links, which deficiency cannot be made up by the continual lengthening of the chain at the other end. This

reminds us of the Irish sailor, who, in hauling in a hopeless length of rope, said somebody must have cut off the other end. The order of printers will be perfect from the first to the latest, and perish only with the world. Dr. Southey, of happy Wat Tyler memory,—sack and the sack-*butt* of the laureate, in due choral honour and harmony,—was very partial to the diableries in his light and early poems, as well as Coleridge, among which was the *Old Woman of Berkeley*, as wicked a rip as ever reared imps for the fourth estate in olden time.

After putting out her son to the order of monks, and her daughter to the nuns, she disposed of herself to an old gentleman in the low countries. The doctor found the story in old Latinity, (a copy of which the writer still possesses in some of his papers,) and translated it into free English doggrels, of the very first class. The staple of the story is to the following effect:—Having “preserved the souls of her children,” she proceeds in the execution of her incantations, making a condition with her master that, if she could preserve her body in the church for three nights, she should go scot free of him. This was agreed to; and the old beldame, knowing her power in the church,—her command of the keys, and her influence in retaining all the holy officers, of the ringers, choristers, monks, and nuns, with bell, book, and candle, prayer and song,—deemed that the old one would be “statute-run,” as they call it, and *hors de cour*. It is a long time since I read the verses, but, by the witchery of double rhymes, and the frequent recitation of them to wondering fireside circles, in other days, I shall be able to give the chief stanzas. The story is finely introduced by the warning given to the old woman when at supper:

“The raven croaked as she sat at her meal,
 And the old woman knew what it said,
 And she grew pale at the raven’s tale,
 And sicken’d and went to bed.

‘Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,’
 The old woman of Berkeley said,—
 ‘The monk, my son, and my daughter the nun,
 ‘Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead.

The monk, her son, and her daughter the nun,
 Away to Berkeley went;
 And they have brought, with pious thought,
 The holy sacrament.

The old woman shrieked as they entered her door,
 'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear ;
 'Now take the sacrament away,
 'For mercy, my children dear.'

Away they sent the sacrament ;
 The fit it left her weak :
 She looked at her children with ghastly eyes,
 And faintly struggled to speak.

' All kinds of sin I have rioted in,
 ' And the judgment now must be ;
 ' But I preserv'd my children's souls,
 ' O ! pray, my children, for me !''

The old woman then proceeds to give a descriptive inventory of all the holy aids that would be required, in drilling the ringers, choristers, &c., to be in the church for the three nights, to the rescue from the evil one. During the first night there was a dreadful rumbling about the church doors and beating winds at the windows ; but they prayed, and chaunted holy song, and rung the bells as for life and death, till

" The cock he crew, away they flew,
 The fiends, from the herald of day,
 And undisturbed the choristers sung,
 And the fifty priests they pray."

The second night consisted in an advance of fifty per cent. on the terrors of the first ; but they all prayed, rung, and sung away, till "the cock he crew," &c. The third night opened with storm and tempest, thunder and lightning, and such a rocking of the church as threatened to tumble it over the heads of the holy assemblage ; the ringers deserted the bells ; the nuns forgot their beads ; and the holy song degenerated into a "quaver of consternation." The candles burnt blue, and there was such a stench of brimstone that all were nearly suffocated. The priests, &c., assembled round the old woman's coffin of stone, barred and chained to the church floor. The church door was shaken as with a battering-ram ; but

"The strong church door could bear no more,
 And the bolts and bars they fled,
 When in he came, with eyes of flame,—
 The devil to fetch the dead ;
 And all the church with his presence glow'd
 Like a fiery furnace red."

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, LETTER II.—THE FAG END OF AN OLD STORY,
(CONTINUED.)—THE NEWSPAPER PRESS, LETTERS III., & IV.

HE advances to the old woman's coffin, and the monks and nuns mizzle:

He laid his hands on the iron chains,
And like flax they mouldered asunder ;
And the coffin-lid, that was barr'd so firm,
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the old woman of Berkeley arise,
And come with her master away ;
And the cold sweat stood on the colder corpse
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear ;
And a shriek like that which the old woman gave
Never did mortal hear."

The fiend then drags her to the church door, and

"There stood a black horse there,
His nostrils breath'd a brimstone flame,
His eyes had the meteor's glare."

Here the story is cut rapidly but fearfully short :

"The fiend with force flung her on the horse,
 And he leapt up before;
 And away with the lightning's speed they went,
 And she was seen no more.

She was seen no more, but her cries and shrieks
 For five miles round they could hear;
 And children at rest on their mother's breast
 Started and scream'd with fear."

In the first edition of these light works of Southey there was a wood cut, showing how an old woman "rode double, and who rode before her." She was on a pillion, with her hair on end; her master, with the reins, lashing the horse with his tail in lieu of a whip. The horse had his proper attributions, and was at "full split"; indeed, the fiend on the black horse was a proper type of Death on the Pale one. It is a fine story to quicken the young imagination, which is the true element of mental strength. As youth grows up it learns to throw off all credence in such stories, and place them to the proper account as works of fancy.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

THE NEWSPAPER.—LETTER III.

(From the *Liverpool Albion*.)

A writer of the eighteenth century has said that "the opinion of plenty is among the causes of want;" but there is some entanglement of cause and effect in the phraseology, as to whether it is to be understood that we are in want of a plentiful supply of opinion, or whether this *voce plenus* produces some want of a more concentrated, intelligent, and efficient action. Both solutions would not apply to the nineteenth century, which is deluged with opinion. In the present era everybody knows everything, tells us everything, and wants to *do* everything, which is probably the reason why so little is done, and that not done well.

A London correspondent has posted us the little volume of Toulmin Smith on "Local Self-Government Un-mystified," just now issued. I am not going to review this clever *brochure*, which well deserves a serious and searching train of thought and reading. I never treat on lengthy subjects, having gone through most of those on the long list of the age, and made up my mind on a verdict, proven or not proven. The

"un-mystification of local self-government" would imply that it was a mystery, which it is not: but Smith has exhibited it in its "scientific" *mist* (if such thing may be) among our November fogs, and brought it into a clearer sky.

Self-government commences with a man learning how to govern himself,—to develop his own mental powers, think as well as read, and exercise his judgment on the passing events of the time. Having done this, he is an eligible candidate for an important and leading Town Council, or the local rule of a village with one policeman. Local self-government occupies an essential department in social science,—if that be not too great a name for a straight forward and honest regulation of matters strictly local. Beyond this sphere, such a home bred and taught centralism, flying off in a tangent from its orbit, would cross and intersect the circles of other powers.

Let us, in a light and gossiping style, illustrate and compare little things with great ones. Everything in the world is *relative*. Centralism is the rule of the universe. Our entire solar system is a locality of self-government, the sun being the sovereign. Men are, relatively, only vermin, or parasites, crawling on the surface of a fourth-rate planet, with a revolving night gas-lamp or bull's-eye lantern. Uranus, at the distance of so many thousands of millions of what we call miles, is one of the most remote estates in a ring fence, all beyond being waste space and unenclosed; Mercury, the god of thieves, rather light of head and heels, moving nearest the sovereign orb as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The outer families, or kingdoms, or satrapies of the sun, have their ministerial moons in their little local self-governments. The comets come occasionally among us, as commissioners or inspecting officers, for special purposes of a Divine ruler elsewhere. These are all, or may be, local self-governments, confined strictly to their own places and duties. If we know it not to the contrary, let us judge it not. England is become a nation of speechifiers and wrangling argumentators, without end. The Government has struggled against accumulating work, and reasoned itself into the conviction of a necessity of throwing off a great portion of its duties into commissions and boards, &c.:—the Board of Taxes, the Board of Control, and the uncontrolled and uncontrollable Board of Poor-law Commissioners, who may possibly soon require a sub-board or sub-committee on the indoor and outlying poor, and they may have to be subdivided into the sick and able-bodied poor. We have not got to

the end in that direction yet. We may, indeed, lose our patience, and, considering our taxed cupboard, exclaim with the Byronic satirist, altering the verbal text:

"The House of Commons is but one great horde,
In duplicate,—the Borers and the Bored."

Local self-governments vary as much among themselves as country clocks—all differing from each other, and all more or less from true time. Let us take three instances in a line, in adjoining counties, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Shrewsbury. Of the latter, we need not say more than that it is under the most ill-judged exclusiveness of John Frail, of unhappy W. B. and Derby memory. In Wolverhampton, the incorporated *Solons* of the powers that be, have recently undergone an awful smash, from some blundering illegalities, and received the consequent punishment. Birmingham is a noble town of art and industry. If we take out the ancient "hardware village," and bring the suburbs together, it would make a splendid city, redolent of a high degree of civilization; but the town is its *workshop*, with the *genii* of art and design,—and the ways and means—the *vade mecum*.

In the early days of Hutton, the Birmingham historian, the bull-ring, in bull-baiting times, was the centre, leading to Bull-street, as one end, and Dale-end another; when Lancaster-street was Walmer-lane—Digbeth and dirty Derytend tailing off into the country; when New-street and the new church (St. Phillips') were new; when Suffolk-street (which, by-the-bye, has no brook at all, except when a heavy thunder-storm improvises one, from the adjoining hill top,) was the boundary of the whole Club-buildings, where the first investments of the property of the young artizans were secured. Hutton's history is a great novelty in historical records. He was a rough gem; a piece of native ware, neither gilt, plated, nor polished. Burke, in his days, called Birmingham the "toy shop of Europe." It is now the national armoury. Of late years it has been constantly on the *strain* to take the lead, as the boasted, "most radical town of England." See the speeches, &c., of those *gemini* of reforms, George Dawson and George Edmonds, the Siamese twins and tutelary gods, who had a third aid in Mr. Tom Attwood, a sincere and honest man, whatever his errors, who helped to make an Unholy Trinity—one and indivisible. No one will deny the great aids rendered to liberal government by these early reformers, though they may have gone for too much. It cannot be expected that Birmingham should immediately take rank as an inland capital, with its

amalgam of the moral sciences, and initiate a future *prestige* of some exceptional sub-parliament, with a minister of the interior, to which the surplusage of imperial rule should be delegated, unless other commanding towns and cities should come into the circle of power, with a trotting and itinerant Parliamentary session. The Hall of Social Science, with its sections, presided over by coronetted and inchoate coronets of second-rate men, cannot, as *The Times* admits, "tell us much that we have not heard before." It is pleasing and gracious to praise men of all ranks who are desirous of improving society; but a presumptuous effort of exclusiveness will always fail in any enlightened age. This "Birmingham Manifesto," as Mr. Smith calls it, will have fair-play, and so must other places. But there is another manifesto, just put forth, that will not suit "the Brums," as the Cockneys call them, namely, the new six-pointed charter of the associated Reformers,—in which the five or six pound rental suffrage is suffered to lie by. Here the complete Reform of 1858, which was looming on us, and "casting its shadows before," as a specimen of the new *lights* which were dawning on us, has sloughed off its proud flesh, and left the main "point" to a future day. This is the result of some considerations recently mooted by many Reformers, who sincerely desire the advance of an intelligent people, and on which I shall touch in a future letter.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

THE NEWSPAPER, LETTER IV.

(*From the Liverpool Albion.*)

There is a strong resemblance in the third and the fourth estates of the country at the present time; the great increase of speakers and of writers; the same increased proportion of random reasoning and rubbish. A Prime Minister of England is an Atlas, with the four hemispheres on his shoulders,—east, west, north, and south. The four quarters of the world give him no quarter. He has a Cerberus, or Cerberi, requiring his "sops" at a hundred gates; some to be fed to make them bark, and some to keep them from barking. If we take a discursive view of some things that are gradually growing or coming into public importance, we should name the fact of all Western European questions turning

round on conferences in Paris. There is now left the Eastern complications of the Danubian Principalities, without a Prince, who is, they say, to be a *Western* Prince; suppose Joachim Murat, under the ægis of the Czar and the French Emperor, with his *protégé* of Sardinia, and with a constitution of *self-government*, (a constitution *c'est moi*;) contra, Prussia, Austria, England, and Turkey. This would leave the Grand Sultan worse off than he would have been, in the Provinces, under the exclusive protectorate of Russia, by treaty, and the government of her Greek Church. Whether Russia, with all her astute diplomates, is using France in reference to the future, or France seeking to use Russia, will turn up by-and-bye—or what their joint purpose. Akin to this are some other considerations, in the following shadowings.

. It is the peculiar province and privilege of the Newspaper, in its proper acceptation, to deal with public men and the events of the day or time passing, with the sarcastic and caustic, in the case of folly and blundering imbecility; and the staple of the remainder with brevities, short and sharp. *The Times* will often take up the craft of the *Liner*, and give us an exordium of a third of a column before we know what we are going to read about. Out of the sphere of politics, the wants of the man of taste, the *litterateur*, and the interests of the arts and sciences are to be consulted. The Newspaper has thus to dispose of things so that, as Johnson said, “the busy may find time and the idle patience.”

It is the pleasure and one of the purposes of the age to cut up the world; or project the cutting up of the chief *Isthmi* of the old and new worlds, at the Delta of Egypt and at Panama, or the isthmus of Darien—uniting the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean by the Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. France wants the former and *the world* the latter. This, as I have previously alluded to, involves an important problem as to England. In the first place, the speculation can never answer, from its enormous expense, and the uncertainty as to the existence of a granite sub-strata. The English capitalists will not be so un-English as to follow mammon thus far. As long as European armies have to sail round the Cape English India is safe. Some go-a-head Yankees often go-a-head without looking a-head. A Prime Minister frequently finds it expedient to look a-head without going. Palmerston considers the Delta of Egypt a safer ally than France.

Before the fleet of Bonaparte had been destroyed in the battle of the Nile, the rising "great captain" of the Continent had well appreciated—and *appropriated*, in his imagination—*Egypt* as the finest position of the world for a powerful Western European empire. *Au reste*, the intelligent reader will well know how to dispose of French dreams about the "Queen of the mediterranean," &c. Napoleon I., at Tilsit, claimed the West, Alexander I. taking the East. The latter, for a time, played with the proposition; but, reflecting that Napoleon would be running a long parallel of power, by Egypt, contra his designs, over the East, in Persia, the Caspian, Afghanistan, &c., he retracted, and his treaty *on the Raft*, with its "secret article," went by the board, as the sailor says and hence the ruinous campaign, to Napoleon, of 1812.

The French "India of Africa" is a specimen of the *ignis-fatuus* of false lights,—thrown to England as a lure. Once on a time a great King of Egypt (Cambyses) had a vision of an African India, and sent an immense army into the Lybian Deserts, "declaring war against the south wind," and wanting to know who kicked up such a dust in the world. But the fiery Simoom came, with its burning, towering, and whirling columns of scorching sands, like the waves of a tempest ocean, and, sweeping over the hostile host, engulfed them under mountains and billows of the *débris* of the earth's surface, so that not a bone of the skeletons of the grand army was ever traced.

L'Afrique est nous! This was the exclamation of the French press, when the small section of Algeria, on the North African coast, was taken. England, being mistress of twenty times the territory on the south, besides her settlements on the west coast, never had any braggart of the press that cried out, *Africa is ours!* As well might the King of Dahomy, who cuts off a Prime Minister's head three or four times a month, proclaim all Africa as belonging to the sovereign of the seven gold spitting basins. An English Premier, in war, is always powerful, as in Addington's Administration, weak and contemptible, as it was, and when England had near half-a-million of men in arms. Palmerston is the reverse of the Addingtons and Sidmouths. He is strong in the front, being prepared at any time for the *pas de charge*; though he may be weak on the flanks, which he can strengthen as necessity requires. The Indian Government is an old curse of many years and many Governments; but, as Canning has not been recalled, any censure on *him* must and ought to await an inquiry. To suppose that the Premier is bending

to France is a great absurdity. Like the great Canning of other days, he has only to breathe a call on the democracy of the Continent, (as in the case of the threatened "Holy Alliance,") and every royal tyrant in Europe would tremble at the head of his legions. There is a motto of an ancient French order of the Porcupine,—*Cominus et eminus*; here or elsewhere,—armed at all points. This is the position of England.

A nation that commands the sea, as Bacon said, can "take more or less in foreign wars, as suits her:" she can lay an interdict on the commerce of the world, as in the case of the Orders in Council *versus* the Berlin and Milan Decrees; but we were placed *hors de continent*, and France *hors de ocean*! France was necessary for us in the Crimea, but after the surrender of the south of Sevastopol Louis Napoleon cried "*Enough!*" and sought to make France the arbitress of Western Europe in all negotiations. The Western Alliance is now, brag as they may, more necessary to France than to England.

In *The Times* Paris correspondence, of Saturday, the 7th Nov., there are some home thrust passages on the *Univers*, the *Débats*, and the *Gazette de France*, touching the bitter hostility to England of the former, though we restored their *Louis le desire*, who was soon *desired* to go back again;—among the Fusionists the Orleanists were like the other branch, they could "neither reign nor fight," as Alexander I. said of them. These modern boasters of a free press, are free only to abuse England and her free institutions, while crouching and licking up the dust (*à la Swift*) as they crawl to the foot of a throne and a sovereign who is trampling down the expression of every free sentiment in France; and this *pressgang*, with the insidious palaver of shams of friendship for England, dovetails menaces of a future struggle. It is all like Irish "thunder in disguise."

Nov. 16.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF LORD PALMERSTON.—ENGLISH RESIDENTS IN PARIS.
PARIS GOSSIP.—PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.—FRANCE.

(FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.)

To the Editor of the Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian.

SIR,—There are a number of writers in the journals, in London as well as in the country, who do not appreciate the difficulties of *any* Ministry which has to deal with the House of Commons of the present age. From the break-down of the ascendancy of the Conservative and country party, on the separation of the late Sir Robert Peel from his adherents, there has been no Prime Minister equal to the task, till the appointment of Lord Palmerston. Lord Derby, Disraeli, &c., failed,—the composite ministry of the Peelites and Liberals split and disintegrated as an heterogeneous combination,—Lord John Russell was “not strong enough for the place,” as *Punch* told him at starting. The present Parliament is but a type of the old one. It requires a statesman of great coolness, judgment, and adroitness—brief, pithy, and decisive—to manage such a jibbing team, where the fractious and crotchety are continually flinging themselves out of the traces—kickers that are not to be coaxed into the harness, and who will not stand even the play of the lash. It requires great courage, a firm hand, and good temper—the

boldness and liberality of a Pericles with the address and subtlety of a Machiavel—to manage a House of Commons in such an evil tempered age as the present. Lord Derby knows and has felt the difficulty, and hence the general forbearance of his policy—not to interfere where he cannot amend. Her Majesty knows her position and that of the country, as well as the Premier's difficulty; she has to drive the three co-ordinate Estates *tandem* through crossing crowds, markets, and mobs, and knows the necessity of a good *leader*.

It is on this necessity we would dwell,—the country being afflicted by dire dangers abroad, and threatened with further political distractions and divisions at home. The latter will be as easily blown off as so much surplus steam, by the safety-valves of the Commons. They may call Lord Palmerston an “Old Tory,”—as Graham styled him,—as Burdett was called “Old Glory;” or they may call him a cunning Conservative, or what not; he is the master of the position under the testiness of the times and the *tribuni plebis*. He will go through the next session as easily as he did the last. Indeed, until there can be a fusion of the best and ablest men of the different parties, who, for a great and patriotic object, will agree to sink and compromise any peculiar pet views and projects, in promoting a common, intelligible, and intelligent constitutional policy, it would be a folly to hazard any experimental ministry of pure Whiggism, Toryism, or Radicalism.

The next session may decide a great question as to the character of the present Parliament,—or it may not. If the existing difficulties of India continue and increase, and go into the coming year, while a great part, or the whole, of the Militia have to be called out to do garrison duties in most of our colonies, and every soldier is sent to the East, the country will justify the Premier in declining to divide the people with the vexed project of *more Reform*. We shall have other and greater duties to perform. Parties are already at work marshalling their ranks for an anti-ministerial phalanx, under their pasteboard shields, for a large extension of the suffrage and the ballot. Here they would be defeated, though they deluded numbers of the people with their plausible sophisms. Mr. Bright is reckoned on as the man to wield the sword of Leonidas in the pass of a Reform Thermopylæ against the Myrmidons of the Minister. They will not muster the necessary *three hundred*,—destined to fall in their glory.

We are told that the country is “sick of little men;” and this is

very true, but it is what the "little men" tell us. The *Birmingham Journal* of Saturday last had an anecdote of a man who had displayed a very remarkable instance of honesty in some Parliamentary district—observing that such a man "would infallibly be returned to Parliament under a five pound suffrage." Now we no more doubt the infallibility of a five pound suffrage than we do that of the Pope; but how an infallibility is to be created out of the fallibilities of a class, the most easily of all others to be led astray by any new cry, however absurd, and always more or less differing with each other, it would require a casuist to determine. They cannot agree about their Porcupine Charter, or whether it is to be pentagonal or sexagonal, which they sit in conclave about, on the Cardinal *points*. We might as well talk about the *infallibility* of country clocks, notorious only for differing from each other, and all from true time.

Birmingham is a noble town—its very suburbs would make a splendid city, indicating the presence of wealth, intelligence, and civilization, that cannot be represented by mere mechanism, art, and manufactures, with their working classes, an interest at most purely local. It has never yet returned a Member of the empire and a Statesman. Mr. Bright might be one—in a pure Republic. Its Recorder is a philanthropist and a lawyer—a very noble though rather strange character in a world of mammon. We doubt whether Mr. Bright and the Brums will hold on in harmony—through peace and war, sunshine and storm. He is a thoroughly independent man, and must recollect that England is not France, nor America. The heiress to the Throne of a thousand years has to sustain one of the most noble and ancient of monarchies. The citizen king and his Republican institutions, have had their day as a political chimera. *Une bon Reine Cityoyenne* would be something like an abstract Lady Mayoress. If Mr. Bright be a practical politician, he cannot consort with George Dawson and George Edmonds—his backer and bottle-holder.

London, Sep. 1, 1857.

AN OCTAGENARIAN.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS IN PARIS.—PARIS GOSSIP.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

Judging from the English newspapers, and fresh immigrants, I should conclude that the difference of opinion is considerable between home and foreign judgments.

It is an ever-present and understood rule that the French government has reserved questions, with which no newspapers are at liberty to deal, except without great caution and reservation.

This has now become especially the case as to the Italian Duchies. After the avowed and proclaimed purpose of Louis Napoleon to sweep away all Austrian rule in Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic, and hand over the little sovereignties to popular disposal in a new Italian kingdom, the leading French papers, which are considered as the government organs, stuck fast by this arbitration of French rule. The *Pays* made a jeer of the idea of any of the old authorities ever returning to their seats of power. On the contrary, the *Patrie*, since the Emperor's distaste for revolutionary changes, has veered about, and contemplates a restoration of the old order of things under a friendly compact.

When Count Cavour, the Sardinian minister, threw up his office in his disgust at the peace of Villafranca, where Victor Emmanuel was excluded; and even kept in ignorance of the nature of the preliminaries of the treaty; but was appeased by the consideration that, he would have a plenipotentiary at the Conferences at Zurich. If King Victor Emmanuel were nobody at Villafranca, he finds himself *represented* by the same person, at the Swiss city,—if anybody can be said to represent nobody. The Sardinian plenipotentiary has no potency. He gave a direct refusal to some of the Austrian propositions, but in vain; lost his temper and with a jeer said, that when Austria had anything to give away, she gave it to the strong; and when she had to demand, she demanded it of the weak. This excitement, unfortunately, led to an apoplectic seizure of the incensed ambassador. He found that France and Austria reserved the exclusive right to dispose of the Duchies; and that Lombardy had to be saddled with a heavy debt of its share in the war.

This is the way of the world all the world over, like the good old plan,

That those may take who have the power,
And those may keep who can.

The paralysis seems to have extended itself to the Italian kingdom of the future.

King Victor should recollect that he has been defeated in his aggressive measures of building himself up a kingdom in Italy on the ruins of small estates which had been guaranteed by the great powers of Europe. The dissensions in his own cabinet and the despatches from Zurich, and

the private conferences of Austria and France to Milan, &c., will soon unfold the details and results of the Zurich conferences.

Count Morny's speech had its sensation of the day; but all its pacific pretence evaporated as the military concentration of forces on Lille and Chalons indicate war on a large scale in a dangerous quarter. The count's speech may be torn to pieces by a very little truth; but let it pass. He says that Louis Napoleon wished the great European powers to settle the affairs of Italy, when this said Emperor was the only person who prevented it. He made the French empire a steam-tug to tow the cock-boat of Sardinia into the harbour of peace, as a ship of the line—an Italian King of the future—when the past conduct of Sardinia, in its systematic agitations, was one of the questions to be discussed. The English in Paris laugh aloud at the count's statement that the "French papers are at liberty to print and publish what they like;" it should have added, "on one side of the question."

It is a current opinion among the English residents that Louis Napoleon will in the end make Prince Napoleon a King of Italy. The family have had a King Joe and a King Jerry; Prince Nap will never do, anywhere. Those who watched him as a royal Coelebs like his uncle at Strasburgh, and his being hawked about at the Courts of St. Petersburg. Vienna, and Berlin, will give him up as anything convertible to any purpose better than a *figurant* at the Imperial Court.

The French manifesto to the Duchies will give rise to discussion in European political circles. Louis Napoleon has unsettled everything of the past, and refuses to settle anything present.

Russia will now probably propose a regular European Congress on the Italian difficulties.—(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT.

(FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.)

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—It was said in the wars with Republican and Imperial France that many letters of Paris correspondence for English newspapers were written in a London garret; but stranger things than that are done in London. Now I do not write in a garret, and might write at the foot of the Wrekin, for I have an old acquaintance in Paris with whom I

have had intercourse for many years, in exchanging French and English newspapers, and with whom I still hold occasionally some connection. He moves often in a whispering circle where Paris gossip circulates, which never appears in the papers.

Louis Napoleon may never have had a grandfather; but why should he disclaim an origin of which his uncle was the illustrious founder. His uncle was for a many years styled "The Child and Champion of Jacobinism. He has risen by and from revolution, and now he tells his friends that he was placed between absolutism and revolution—that he chose the former as the lesser evil. He might have added that he practised it as the greater. The following phrase has been attributed to him :

"Je veux que tout le monde m' obeisse."

I take the French as I find it—it indicates his return from his propositions of free institutions and reforms to absolutism—exhibiting him as a "moveable," as Catherine said of Petruchio :

CATH. What moved you here ?

PET. My legs.

CATH. That which moved you here may move you hence : I saw you were a moveable. Be jogging while your boots are green, &c.

The Emperor declares his absolutism, and the passage in question amounts to this—*I will or wish that all the world should obey or bend to me !*

A great writer has said that more evils arise in the world from absolutism than from revolution—as the latter correct themselves from experience, while the former fetter the body and the free expression of the mind.

Every day in Paris brings some new alarm. The papers take one step towards peace to-day, and two steps towards war to-morrow ; but the press of Paris is nothing better than the press-gang of the police. On Saturday some event was anticipated from the conjunction of Mars and Venus in June last, and that of Saturn and the earth on the 21st of this month.

It has been well said that the end of the war is the beginning of the Italian difficulty. Russia, Prussia, and England have commissioners in Florence waiting for the decision of the councils ; Austria stands aloof, contending for the necessity of a powerful army in her Italian territories, and in an occasional war dance or quadrille in the quadrangle of the four fortresses. She will insist on the old integrity of Modena,

by force if necessary. But for our spell-bound neutrality we should now join in a different conference to that in Zurich.

You will see the details of the review and the *fête* in the London papers. Military men experienced melancholy feelings on observing the four marshals go by, at the head of their corps, who had assailed each other in the papers. Neil complaining of Canrobert, and Baraguay d'Hilliers of Mac-Mahon, on some misdirections in the field—all now understood to be owing to some contradictory orders given by the Emperor. Here is a general-in-chief who tells us that at war it is the first time he ever commanded an army in battle; so that he was born a general—*nacetur non fit*—nor fit in our vernacular.

The Emperor has recently met with some annoyances it is difficult to deal with, and where the police are powerless. When his *route* is known in any direction, he is commonly received by the people, at populace places, with more or less respect. At one place lately he was received with—

One universal hiss
The sound of public scorn.

Somewhat further on he was greeted with a Babel of whistles in mockery of a flourish of trumpets.

The Paris public had to sustain the “terrible” letter copied by the *Presse*, written by Garnier de Cassagnac, and that of Mazanni in the *Times*—as far as the *Times* could be procured. The former places the pillage of England in the back ground, the latter a treaty, offensive and defensive, between France, Russia, and Austria, against England and Prussia, in order to imperialize all Europe, and shake hands with the sovereign of the Celestial empire in Asia. Kossuth is now in Paris; a reserve for revolution if needed.

My Paris informant tells me that at the time of the Conspiracy trials, when the military were red-hot for a war with England, the substance of a proclamation to the people of England was in partial circulation, projecting a new government, and the total sacrifice of the National debt and debtors; the institution of a graduated Land-tax, in the ratio and on the principles of a Government Assurance Company. Mazanni appears to have caught up some scraps of the then existing design of the Emperor. Verily, the *entente cordiale* passes only out of one mass of shadows into another.

Paris has been *fêted* and sated with glory, and good living,—dazzled to blindness with the different splendour of arms and illuminations. The same may be said of Sardinia, and Turin and Milan.

The plenipotentiaries at Zurich have enjoyed very dining conferences.

F R A N C E .

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The general opinion is so decidedly turned to the intention of the ultimate seating Prince Napoleon on the throne of Etruria, that already are the squibs flying about Paris, concerning the Court of King Pétaud, which it is anticipated that the royalty of P. P. will most assuredly be. One of these lampoons is supposed to be written by an illustrious hand, and is being sung with the utmost gusto by the malcontents, who, fearless of gendarmes and police, hum it even on the benches in the Tulleries. It begins thus:—

Quand je serai Roi d'Etrurie,
Je nagerai dans les plaisirs ;
Anna Des——sera mon amie,
Edmond T——mon grand visir.

The succeeding couplets illustrative of the peculiar tastes and habits of the Prince, could not be inserted in an English newspaper, even though printed in the French language. The conclusion is so stinging, that it has caused an investigation to be made respecting the author, and the result has been most unfortunately successful in fixing the composition upon one too near and dear to the subject of the pleasantry to permit a single doubt of the knowledge of the case of which the writer speaks. They say that the Prince is bitterley cut up about the matter, and that it has already given rise to much schism and discussion within the court circles.

PARIS, Sep. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

KIRKE WHITE AND HIS MANES.—ELECTIONEERING SCENES.—THE PRESS, LINCOLNSHIRE.—THE PRESS, SHROPSHIRE.—THE PRESS, STAFFORDSHIRE.—THE PRESS.—QUICK, THE COMEDIAN.—THE VOLUNTEER MILITARY SERVICES.—THE RIGHTS OF EDITORS.

A LITERARY ANECDOTE.

To the Editor of the Albion.

SIR,—In picking up the remains of poor White, I found a reprint of his “Melancholy Hours.” These “Hours” first appeared in the *Monthly Mirror*, a highly respectable periodical, devoted essentially to theatrical affairs. At that period, 1802, at the very commencement, I was a general contributor to the work. In my leisure hours—when writing a weekly leader for a county paper—with a few others, I became a leading member of the Wolverhampton Idle Club, which was established and of which some amusing reports were sent to the *Star* evening paper, published for many years at Temple Bar. Taking up one of White’s Melancholy Hours, I began a series of Idle Hours in the same work. Byron followed, immediately afterwards, with his “Hours of Idleness.” I charged my melancholy friend, be he whom he might, with the folly of indulging a gloomy temperament. I told him, if he succeed in such a pursuit, he could only achieve an “eminent insignificance,” and that melancholy was often nothing but “discontented idleness.”

These terms appear to have stung the unhappy youth, and in the next paper, without mentioning the Idle Hours, he summoned the writer before a Court of Gods and Goddesses; my papers were stigmatized, and I am named as a *Cit* with the abuse of the divine Goddess of Melancholy. The delinquent is only present as a *nominis umbra*, and is entitled to no reply, or any defence by an advocate, and, accordingly, dismissed as a vagabond of no rights, and subject to no penalty but silent contempt.

Poor White became a victim of his melancholy, when, if he had spent his leisure hours in social society, however frivolous, he might have overcome it.

In connexion with the name of the *Monthly Mirror*, I might call up recollections of Macready, (the father of the celebrated Macready,) as the manager of the Birmingham company, and the author of some good farces; the Roscius mania, Miss Farren, (afterwards the Countess of Derby,) Robert and Natt Bloomfield, the poetical Crispini and Capel Lloft, their great patron and puffmaster-general, who have passed quietly into oblivion in company, dragging their Mecenases with them. But that would lead me into a wide, discursive sketch of the shadowy past, foreign to the purpose of this anecdote of Kirke White and his Manes.*

Salop, August, 1859.

I am, &c.,

AN OCTAGENARIAN.

ELECTIONEERING SCENES.

I know little of the elections of Stafford, beyond the Borough-mongering days when Tom Sheridan came down to get into his father's shoes, but found that he only got into his slippers; Peter Finnarty endeavoured to rouse the old *Crispines* from their *leathergy* but in vain; he was baited like a bull at the bull-stake; one dog set on him before, and another in the rear. Tom Sheridan commenced one of his speeches, addressed to Clifford, the barrister, as follows:—"Stand forth Harry Clifford, thou link boy of the profession, &c." At the end of his speech Clifford replied, "go on with the poll." Clifford and his candidate, the Welshman (Phillips,) were rapidly winning without speeches, and Sheridan losing with them.

* My communications to the *Monthly Mirror* had the signature of CIVIS.

The principal ladies in Stafford canvassed for Tom, like the Duchess of Devonshire for Fox. I addressed some verses to them which were copied in the most fashionable magazine of the day. "Sweet Phillips" as they called him, was returned, but never paid the sweet voices of his constituents.

Stoke-upon-Trent came in among the election boroughs since I resided in the parish; I was present at one contest, in which Alderman Copeland was a candidate. His opponent, whose name I now forget, published some learned nonsense on matters of science—on the internal convulsions of the earth—or what the people translated into "Sucking Earthquakes."

THE PRESS.—LINCOLNSHIRE.

I started a Newspaper in the city of Lincoln, when there was never a one nearer than Stamford and Boston; this was in the year 1827—8. In four years I had two opposition papers, one of which was edited by Mr. Wilkins, afterwards Sergeant Wilkins. Both of them having failed, I removed the publication of the *Herald* from Lincoln to Boston, and in about twelve months, or little more, beat down the Boston *Gazette*, established by Mr. Newcombe, the wealthy proprietor of the Stamford, Lincoln, and Rutland Mercury, but it was a very feeble agent of his liberal principles.

At the latter end of 1832, I found it necessary to remove from Boston to Stafford, and disposed of the interest of the Boston Herald, in order to protect a large property placed in danger by the death of an intestate relative.

The Herald is now continued as the *Lincolnshire Herald* and dates its antiquity as far back as 1804. So far as this origin of the paper in a different name and a distant date can serve the party they are welcome to the advantage; few persons in Lincoln in 1828 could remember the tory paper of 1804. A clergyman discovered a file of it and sent it to me in which I found several of my articles copied from the London *Courier*; among which, was a metrical sketch of a wine-bibber, drawn in the different colours of the grape and spirituous liquors.*

THE PRESS.—SHROPSHIRE.

The writer accepted the editorship of Eddowes' Journal, in 1845, and conducted it with increasing success up to 1853, when it was

* These lines will appear in the present volume of metrical sketches.

purchased by Mr. John Lloyd, who brought down an editor of the name of Ackerman, and instead of introducing him to the editor, the reporter, and clerk, &c., turned him out "like a bag fox" as the people said; from that time the writer has had nothing whatever to do with the paper. The rest remains with the Shrewsbury Public, to whom alone it continues an affair of any interest. The Newspaper Press never stood very high in Shrewsbury, which may be accounted for from different causes: when in the possession of the late Mr. John Eddowes', and under the management of Mr. Joseph Morris, a sincere and consistent tory, it was highly respected.

Some papers had been commenced which degraded the press by personalities. At the first election after the Reform Bill, "Glorious Salopia," as it was called, twelve entire conservatives were returned; from that period the liberals have been gradually gaining ground, this has been attributed to the exclusiveness of the leaders of that interest.

Two cases of the neglect of the Press occurred in my time, which I shall relate, in duty to the Reporters. It was on the occasion of the Corporation Dinners, given by Mr. Groves, the Elder, and J. Minor, Esq., to liberal minded gentlemen. Mr. Groves, the Elder, was a straight-forward, clear-headed and practical man of business, who never entered into subjects which he did not understand, and was not in any way concerned in the mode of inviting the Press; the regular invitations had been sent out above a week, but the invitations to Editors, &c., were not delivered till the mid-day before the dinner. The Editors and Reporters met, and agreed to return their cards; they invited some personal friends of the Press to a dinner with themselves, at the Plough Inn; the senior Editor presided, and about fourteen gentlemen dined—this was on the day of the Corporation dinner. No report whatever appeared in the papers of what took place at the dinner given by Mr. Groves, though the Earl of Powis and other persons of distinction were present.

At Mr. Minor's Civic dinner, no dinner tickets for the Press were issued at all, but three small tickets, written on, were sent to each of the three papers, to admit the Reporters after dinner. The senior Editor advised the Reporter of the Journal, and the two other papers took the same course. A more liberal minded man than the late Mr. Minor did not exist in the corporation; his dinner was unreported like that of Mr. Grove's, to his great annoyance.

A dinner ticket to a Reporter does not pay his labour, and one-half of his expenses to the proprietor of any journal.

The conduct of Mr. John Frail has been frequently and strongly remarked on, but our opinion of him was, and is, that he was as necessary to the conservative interest, as Coppock, and others of the like to the liberal parties. If his conservative club was on too narrow a basis, and conducted too exclusively, it was the fault of the principal leaders; it is always very difficult to get the aid of men of this description at contested elections, but some one must do it, and those who appoint him ought to support him. The affair of Derby "W. B." and the "safe man" was an unfortunate one for Mr. Frail, as the explosion made him the great captain of corruption throughout the country. A conservative club was perhaps an unhappy name for an association of this kind; the name of the old tory club at Derby, was that of "The True Blue Club;"—at Liverpool, "The Constitutional Club." At the latter place, a modern club was established under the term of "The Concentric Society," where the parties have removed to different distances, but obeying a common centre of gravity.

THE PRESS.—STAFFORDSHIRE.

The late John Mort, Esq., editor and principal proprietor of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, on a recent occasion, before his death, received a notice to send a reporter to that city to take the proceedings of a great public dinner; it was stated in the notice that the dinner ticket would not be given. Mr. Mort replied that he should not attend, nor send any reporter from his office.

These great dining days of local managers, and the proceedings on such occasions, are of no general public interest, like many of those reported by the *Times* and other papers.

THE PRESS.

It may be expected that we (to use our editorial plural) should say something about the press;

"Seen what we have seen,"
"See what we see."

But the changes and the press, great as they may have been, are not

equal to the changes in the state of society and public opinion. The press, if dull at the beginning of the century, was the chorus, and observed the great proprieties of social life.

The ignorance of the people and the clergy were the reverse of what they are now. At the great dinner given at the City of London Tavern, the toast of the Liberty of the Press was given by a man possessing a powerful voice, in the following language :—

The Liberty of the Press—
It is like the air we breathe,
If we have it not we die.

This man was a modern Stentor, like the Greek of that name, at the siege of Troy, whose voice was said to be equal to that of fifty men. This modern of the like qualification, sent the above toast thundering into the ears of a thousand men, over their wine ; amid the “ tables roar,” the gingle of glasses, and the explosions of Champagne corks. The liberty of the Press is so like the air we breathe, that it may be called the oxygen of the atmosphere ; it is the vital principle of free life, less dangerous in expression than when suppressed.

The ancients had two monsters—Argus, with his hundred eyes, and Briareus, with his hundred hands ; but the liberty of the Press is a *giant* of unknown power, which has thousands of eyes, and tens of thousands of hands ; with as many tongues as were heard at the tower of Babel, where men confused their dialects and confounded the dialectitions.

A writer on the continent has told us that the liberty of the Press will be for good or for evil ; we say it must be for good if knowledge be power. Blackwood has told us that knowledge is not virtue ; the christian philosopher says that virtue is enlightened *self-interest*, so that when nations do not see their own interests there must be a deficiency in their knowledge.

The privileges of the people are the inheritance of the people : many years ago when some dull proser in the Commons was condemning the *jurisdictional* public meetings of Freeholders as disturbing the peace of counties, Windham exclaimed “perish the peace of counties, but let the privileges of the people live for ever.”

Mr. Brougham once in speaking of the free institutions of England, said, “The English people were the noblest society of freemen in the world, and he would rather perish with their institutions than survive them.”

Earl Grey once said that *he* was prepared to perish with his order. The liberty of the Press may have its evils, as every human institution has, but they are only what the shades are to light, proving the true uses of light, and in no cases more than in this.

QUICK, THE COMEDIAN.

This fine sample of old comedy, of the seventeenth century, made a starring tour in 1805, among the country theatres, and played six nights in Wolverhampton. He remained in that town for two months afterwards from his love of Wolverhampton ale, which then might have challenged the kingdom. He had a large cask brewed, which he sent off to Earl Fitzwilliam, as a present. I used to meet him every evening, at the select society of the Wolverhampton smokery, consisting of the *elite* of the gentlemen and tradesmen of the town,—among whom were Richard Fryer, Esq., the first member of the borough, and Mr. Richard Evans, of the Lion Hotel,—(though they never smoked.) Mr. Evans was one of the largest coach proprietors on the road branching off at Wolverhampton to Manchester and Liverpool. Mr. Quick very frequently amused the company with anecdotes of the stage, which were racy of the lamp, but not worth repeating here. Suett had been the low comedian of former days.

VOLUNTEER MILITARY SERVICES.

The first volunteers at the close of the last century, adopted a blue uniform. Captain Flutterbuck had a small corps at Wolverhampton. I have seen them practice street firing in retreat, the rear ranks coming to the front in succession, firing and then dividing in sections and retreating on the flanks. I have seen them muster on the parade when the officers were nearly as numerous as the rank and file. On the threat of an invasion we had a rush of near half a million of volunteers; I threw myself into the ranks of 800 at Wolverhampton, with Sir John Wrottesley (late) Lord Wrottesley, as the Colonel. The government was so oppressed with numbers, that they could not accept of our services. This unmanageable and unmilitary mass gave place at length to the Local Militia, of which five regiments of one thousand each were raised by ballot in Staffordshire. I was offered a company at the institution of the force by Earl Talbot, the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

This was in, or about, the year 1808, and we had a month's permanent duty annually, till the year 1813. Staffordshire had at the same time, two battalions of the old Militia on permanent service, and one thousand yeomanry cavalry, making near eight thousand well disciplined men of that county alone. I am, as far as I can trace, the only officer now living of the central regiment. I retained my sword, a couple of the mess wine decanters, and a dozen ivory-hafted knives and forks, all cut and engraved with the name of the corps. Such was the military spirit of the nation at the threat of the great Napoleon, the First, who shrunk from a contest with the armed nationality of England.

As an instance of the spirit of the Local Militia of those days, I might quote the following, which is copied from a circular letter of Quarter Master Drewry, under date Dec. 14th, 1813:—"The officers of the Central Staffordshire Regiment of Local Militia, are particularly requested to meet at the Mess-room on Thursday, the 23rd of December instant, at 12 o'clock at noon, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of volunteering their services, under the provisions of the Act of Parliament recently passed, to enable His Majesty to accept the services of the Local Militia out of their respective counties.

By order of

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHETWYND.

JOSHUA DREWRY, QUARTER MASTER.

Head Quarters, Stafford, Dec. 14th, 1813.

O. H. M. S.

CAPTAIN AMPHLETT, C. S. L. M., STAFFORD."

A resolution of the copy to the above effect was passed with enthusiasm.

THE RIGHTS OF EDITORS.

When I left the Shrewsbury Journal in 1853, the new proprietor and the late proprietress had a notion that editors might be turned off or taken on like journeymen printers, and that there was but little distinction between editors and imps. I therefore gave my particular friend Henry Keate, Esq., a *carte blanche* to go and settle with the new "Sole proprietor and editor" as he announced himself to the general post office. Mr. Keate received the sum of £60 as a joint balance due, when I might have demanded a very different sum; my desire was only to get away from persons who sought to overrule that which was common in custom, courtesy, and law.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION OF THE CHURCH AND KING RIOTS, BIRMINGHAM.—PUBLIC CHARACTERS AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—GODWIN.—GODWIN'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.—HOLCROFT'S LETTER.—THE NEWSPAPER, LETTER ON CHRISTMAS, &c.

BEING in Birmingham about two years ago, I availed myself of the opportunity of paying a promised visit to my friend Henry Bynner, Esq., 45 years British consul at Trieste, then residing at Moseley. I had not been there, nor on the road thereto, since the memorable Church and King riots. Being a fine day, I walked over a distance of between three and four miles. I was struck with admiration at the number of noble edifices which flanked the road on both sides, more or less; I walked on to the old village, to see how far I could trace the whereabouts of a memorable scene, which with my young companions I had witnessed. I could not exactly satisfy myself; there was a high wall and some well grown timber on the other side, which I thought was most likely to be the spot; I walked into the old village Inn and called for coffee and a cigar, but failing in the cigar, I had recourse to the pipe. I had some conversation with mine host, and asked him, after a little delay, where the village horse-pond was? The man stared, and said he never knew, neither could he believe there ever had been a horse-pond in the village. I replied there was one the last time I was there; he then asked how long it was since the last time I was there, I replied 70

years! (another stare.) He then said, perhaps it was at the "Priestley Riots." My answer was "they were not called the Priestley Riots" but the "Church and King Riots" in other days.

He then said that there was a very old man living near him, who was on his death-bed and unable to see any body, or he would have been very glad to have some conversation with me about the "riots."

I then proceeded to state to the worthy boniface, that at the riots, there was a gentleman's cottage residence which had been sacked and pillaged but not burnt, on the right hand side of the road; a great number of books had been brought out and thrown into a pond of water on the opposite side, till the pond swelled over its banks and covered the road. I and my companions with other youngsters walked over them almost dry-shod.

I picked up one book in some novel form, which I opened; the inside leaves proved to be a small Atlas, I kept this book for many years, but ultimately lost it. I then parted with mine host, saying, "if I should call again at the end of another 70 years, I should probably find you missing as well as the horse-pond." He laughed and said "if you do find me here I'll stand a bottle."

I then waited upon my ancient friend, Mr. Bynner, and sent in my card; he came into the parlour to me; we had not met since the days of our early youth, and were personally as great strangers, as any two men could be. He had a very large grey beard. I first recognised his voice as we went into conversation on past times, and on the then state of Italy, and the opinion of German politicians, who he said thought very lightly of our free institutions. I had then to be introduced to his wife, a very agreeable and youthful lady.

He then showed me his library, a very splendid one, and said he had a very large and costly library at Trieste, which he meant to dispose of. We walked with his wife in his elegant garden, at one of the noble edifices of the terrace, and had many agreeable conversations on our youthful days, and his connection with my elder brother, as they kept a joint academy, at one time in or near Cherry-street, Birmingham. I had ordered the last omnibus to call at his house, when, shaking hands with him and his lady, I left them, despairing of ever seeing him any more. He had then attained the age of 89 years.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

PIERSON, GODWIN, HOLCROFT, &c.

What Voltaire and Rosseau did in bringing about the French revolution, a few public writers did more philosophically in promoting reforms in England,—reformers at the end of the last century may be named as placed in three classes; the first were a few violent men, demigogs and demirepts, who sympathise with the double dyed French red republics, and who grasped at any chance of redeeming themselves from obscurity, in scenes of confusion and disorder: we pass by these.

The first gentleman who gave his name to the public in a pamphlet on subjects of reform, was John Pierson Esquire, afterwards a barrister on the Oxford circuit, and latterly, judge advocate of Calcutta; I knew him personally in Wolverhampton, and had met him occasionally at the social board of the late Sir Charles Wolesley, Bart., when he lived at the Park-house, situated closely on Cannock Chase, on the edge of the Wolesley estate; but we neither of us agreed in the wild opinions of that gracchus of the Baronetage: I also once met there Orator Hunt, as he was proceeding to Manchester, a few days before what was called the Manchester massacre.

In the trading and middle classes of society reformers were few and far between, but a few literary men had introduced liberal principals into works of imagination. Bage, the anonymous novel writer, we have named elsewhere, Holcroft's Hugh Trevor, in the novel of that name was probably a type of the writers own character; he seems to have been bred in the stables of the trainers of race horses, where he picked up that knowledge of the turf which he displayed in the character of Goldfinch in the drama of the road to ruin; when I had some correspondence with him on contributing to his Theatrical Recorder about the year 1804, he then used an amanuensis in his letters, and a man of strict moral character though he had been one of the party of Hardy and Co., who were indicted for constructive treason; from some cause or other he was not tried, he had prepared a written defence, which he has since published and which his said to be a *model* of English composition.

G O D W I N .

But very few persons can now be found who ever read or remember anything of Godwin's "Political Justice," a work which sought to disorganize the whole social system of society, by dispensing with the natural affections and the ceremonials of marriage rights; Mary Woolstencroft the Authoress of the "Rights of Women," was captivated by this sophism, and prepared to take a commentary flight in the while's of space, or in her own language to "fly off in a Tangent to catch the celestial fire of reason:" they loved and lived together, with Plato for their priest. Mrs. Siddons and several ladies of distinction continued to visit Mrs. Godwin, as they would call her, insisting on it that their pretended system of love, was an entire romance; Godwin's strong sense soon convinced him that his social principles were false and anti-social, and that his view of human life was the fatal error he had contracted; that there was no seat at his malthusian table of justice for the weak in mind or body, who were the waste and surplus of humanity; he publicly recanted such principles, on the consideration that it was only through the influence of natural affections and charitable Institutions; that all persons were or could be taken care of. The platonic pair were then publicly married; the high born Dames then discontinued their visits to Mrs. Godwin, because she *had been a bad woman*, they ceased to visit her in fact because she had become a *good woman*; who shall blame these ladies! When females fall away from the code of honour, the error is a fatal one! *vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

 GODWIN'S FEMALE CHARACTERS.

We had expected to produce a copy of Godwin's letters alluded to elsewhere. The gentleman to whom I lent it to was John Gibbons, Esq., who lived at Tettenhall. I have not been able to trace his residence of late years.

Godwin's taste in ladies, led to women of strong mind, (not often the case with literary gentlemen.) Living with Mary Woolstencroft, like Adam and Eve they might

Solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses.

Adam was a thriving wooer in paradise, when first,

Accomplished Eve, with trembling love and fear
Open'd her radiant eyes on Adam and the sphere.

The lovers in Bage's novels treated courtship as an art in bringing out the sympathies of ladies, and thus "making love without talking about it." Holcroft and Bage were both fond of making their gentlemen lovers well made for the pugilistic ring, if needful.

SOCIETY IN STAFFORD.

During the first twelve or fourteen years of the present century, private society in this town took an elevated distinction in the county. There were six ladies who were styled the illustrious groupe, and their elegant hospitalities attracted general notice; there was also a galaxy of other beauties.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble generally paid some of these ladies an annual visit; but William Horton, Esq., the prince of presidence, and amphitryon of the borough, was the marked man of the county town, and received all the wits and bright spirits of the age, coming in the train of Sheridan:—viz., Tom Sheridan, Major Downes, Peter Finnarty, &c. Horton was the presiding genius of the house; his brother John was the Bacchus and custos of the wine closet, and sang an excellent song; he sang the songs of Chandler, the poet of the town, who was also an artist and composer. There are two of Chandler's songs frequently heard in the present day, viz.:—

Adieu my native land, adieu;

and the Beggar Girl

Over the mountains and over the moor, &c.

[The author [on writing to Holcroft, commended the chaste and delicate manner in which he delineated his female characters, in contradistinction to those of Godwin.]

The following is a copy of Holcroft's reply:—

SIR.—All good men are desirous of the approbation of the good, have end lavoured, and will continue to endeavour to observe the high opinion you are pleased to entertain of me. Information concerning any

thing that is remarkable and theatrical, will be truly acceptable to me, and will receive my sincere thanks; I could only wish it might not be verbose, and that more worthy to be communicated to the public. The license you kindly give is liberal and worthy an ingenious mind, but indeed on no other terms should I dare accept your favour. You have no doubt read, Sir, on the cover of No. I., that as I give my name to the public, to whom I make myself accountable, my correspondents also must be pleased to make the same pledge, should any article they send become questionable, or be thought offensive.

I am, Sir, with thankful respect,

Jan. 24th 1805.

T. HOLCROFT.

To J. Amphlett, Esq., Wolverhampton,
Staffordshire.

THE NEWSPAPER.

(From the Liverpool Albion.)

"I sit down," as some writer has said, "to write what I think, not to think what I shall write." It is the usage of the "newspaper," in going into the Christmas festivities, to adjourn the serious on any subject beyond the usual church services of the day,—the remainder being a "rejoicing" of the season's hospitalities to kindred meetings of families and friends, to rejoice at the Christian dispensation that brought down from a gracious Providence the message of "peace on earth and goodwill towards man." One first consideration is, and ought to be, the gloom, sorrow, and destitution that await the many thousands of unemployed men in the manufacturing towns,—coarse fare, and an uncertainty of that, even in limited quantities, is a hard fate; and the millionaires must unstring their purses. Some healthy support to the hands that weave, hammer, and shape their princely fortunes is as much their interest as the stamina and bodily energies of the soldier are to the general that leads them to battle.

The writer may, perhaps, previously indulge in a gallimaufry of a few scattered observations on the "short Commons" allowed by the Government to the shadow or shape of the Opposition,—

If shape it may be called that shape hath none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limbs.

The money market is said to have led to these few days' work before the holidays, and yet the Indemnity Bill of the Bank was safe at any time. The encounter of the Government with Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli was only a sparring-match in the gloves,—or a bout with the foils,—Dizzy being cunning of fence, and having his match in the Premier, whether in parry or tierce. The bottle-holder of other days is himself an adroit stopper. One is almost inclined to believe that a main object of this “something *short*,” from Lord Palmerston, (as the old coaches of the four-horse whips had it,) was intended to let the dreamers of great reforms know that *he* was the Reformer. As they had mostly gone to sleep, and there were no “flapperers” of Swift's creation to keep them awake, in doors or out, he, their leader, boldly came forward, and was prepared to “go into the franchise!” It was a military *alerte*! All is bustle in Mr. Bright's camp. Ballot must be up and doing, or the box will be boxed out.

The Christmas mince-pies are in the ovens; the “old October, brown and bright,” is on tap, and pronounced of most excellent quality. The old Saxon wassail bowl is prepared, for the old toast, *Ses hæl*, “Health to you.” The yule log is ready. Yule does not mean *Christmas* log, as is understood in the north of England. It is the Saxon word *yehul*, a block of wood for fuel, and hence, probably, our verb to *hew* wood, or hewn, as the pronunciation leads the corruptions of language. Ale is the true *vinum Britannicum*, and old ale the darling of the poor labourer, as is pretty strongly set forth in the old song :

Let back and side go bare, go bare,
And head and feet go cold ;
But belly, God send thee plenty of fare,
Of jolly good ale and old.

The ' Totallers and “Total Abstinence” Club of slanderers, who charge temperate drinkers with being responsible for murders committed by persons who took example for drinking from their defence of it, may possibly consider that Providence created barley for nothing but pigs' meat. But the worthy baronet, Sir John, of that ilk, found a better use for it. In former times it was good human food for Sovereigns, and

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a jovial King ;
He stole three pecks of barley meal

To make a bag pudd-*ing* !
 He put into it great lumps of suet, &c.

We read in the Evangelist of the feast of the "five barley loaves and two fishes." Malting must be one of the deadly sins; and malsters will be charged with having stolen their fires for the heat of forcing the grain from —, the opposite place where Prometheus pilfered his fire-light; and that drunkenness is the vulture that is gnawing the liver of the sot, chained to an alehouse corner. So be it; it disturbs not the temperate man who appreciates the Divine goodness in the enjoyment of the mercies He sent. He clothed this planet in beauty, and endowed it with a boundless munificence more than adequate to all that man requires in food, fuel, and raiment.

I have now little to do but invoke a benison on the season; and a merry Christmas to all men and "pretty girls and true" who have an eye to the "missle bough." The "Missletoe Bough" of the popular song is considered an error as to the term,—the last syllable, *toe*, meaning the bough. To be merry and wise is the maxim of good livers who study the art of life. Her Majesty has ordered a sermon to be printed, which was preached by her chaplain; the subject being "The Taking Care of the Body a Christian Virtue." Nothing plainer. You must take care of yourself if you wish to take care of others,—that is, keep sober; and is as much a Turkish virtue as a Christian one.

THE OLD POLITICIAN.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEWSPAPER.—COMETS.—POLITICAL RUMOURS AND SPECULATIONS OF THE WEEK.—THE NEW MINISTRY.—A GLIMPSE OF THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF A NEW PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

COMETS.

SIR,—Between the habits of credulity and exaggeration in the English people, there are few subjects more misrepresented than that of comets. In speaking of the comet of 1811, one person who was young at that period, who said he remembered it, and heard of others who saw it, said that “the star (nucleus) was as large as a round table, a yard across, with a tail *a hundred yards long!*” This, when the nucleus was only the size of a common fixed star, and the tail might be thousands of miles. The distance and diameter of any such object which appeared a yard across, or in diameter, might be measured with the same accuracy as that of the moon. Astronomers tell us that when they can raise a second, or the three thousand sixth hundreth part of a degree, on any fixed star, they possess the base of an angle which brings the star within the calculation of parallax.

I was an early student of astronomy at the age of seventeen, and between 30 and 40 years of age in 1811, and was a careful watcher of the comet of that year; but it had no comparative extent in brilliance, breadth, or length with this comet of 1858. There is a very good portrait of it in Phillips's "Wonders of the Heavens," and in "Time's Telescope," as well as others in the most monstrous forms,—as flaming swords, with the hilts limned in fire; sabres, accurately outlined, with the cross as the handle, &c.—all drawn on the vain imaginations of other days, when comets, from their "horrid hair, shook pestilence and war." They were all "monstrous and prodigious things;" some were pictured in curling flames—

"There with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatening the world with famine, plague, and war."

Lebientiz, a Polish writer, speaks of a comet, which "came out from an opening in the heavens, like to a dragon with blue feet, and a head covered with snakes."

Several stars were distinctly seen through the tail of the comet of 1811. The comet of 1825 had a bright nucleus and a beard, with a streaming head of fiery hair. The word comet signifies *hair* rather than a *tail*, unless an old-fashioned pig-tail. The *comb* for the hair is derived from it. Hence the constellation of *Coma Berenices*, or Berenices *hair*, which is seen streaming in the celestial map of the northern hemisphere in the celestial globe.

Comets are thus described by Savage, the poet:—

In fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurled in air!
Hence the deep vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruined or unpeopled state.
Thus comets, dreadful visitants, arise,
To them wild omens, science to the wise!
These mark the comet to the sun incline,
While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
While its fierce rear a winding tail displays,
And lights all ether with the sweeping blaze!
Or when, compelled, it flies the torrid zone,
And shoots by worlds unnumbered and unknown:
By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,
May view that minister of vengeance near!
Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,

Decays in darkness 'mid involving frost!
 Or when it, sunward, drinks rich beams again,
 And burns imperious on th' ethereal plain,
 The learn'd one, curious, eyes it from afar,
 Sparkling through night, a new illustrious star.

Johnson's *Life of Savage* is said to be his masterpiece, in his "Biography of the Bards." Savage was himself a cometary son of the noble family of Rivers, wild and wandering—shot from his sphere.' Byron describes him thus:—

"The time arrived, when he became,
 A wandering mass of shapeless flame;
 Without a sphere, without a course."

We live in cometary times: Disraeli was a comet in his way, with a bright nucleus and a straggling head of hair, a la Punch. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were the *canis major* and *canis minor* of the Liberals,—the minor unfixed in his finality. The major remains the watch-dog of his party, with many sad dogs barking at him. These two great "outs" represent the mastiff and poodle in their proportions, but the former is expected to prove a *retriever* and recover the "lost game." We have members of the house in the zodiac, but I will not now particularize them.

ALPHA.

POLITICAL RUMOURS AND SPECULATIONS OF THE WEEK.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR.—The rumours current at the end of last week, of Lord John Russell booking an outside place on the Derby Dilly, passed unnoticed by the accredited organ of Woburn Whiggery and the *Morning Post*. Instead of a party union it would have been a regular smash of both.

A facetious London correspondent tells the public that if Dr. Berkley, who "believed in nothing" (1758,) were alive now, he would believe in everything, as we have a ministry that will promise everything. It is not true that Dr Berkley "believed in nothing"—he believed in the existence of spirit, but denied the existence of matter or substance, of which, he said, we know nothing but its property of repulsion and attraction. Hence the lines of Byron:

When Dr. Berkley said there was no matter,
And proved it, it was no matter what he said.

It was Hume who broached the doctrine of universal nonexistence. The millenium is looming on us. An Italian season and summer, a golden harvest, and autumn of unparalleled abundance in fruit; the comet* and electric cables, with their lustrous retinues of light and lightning conductors circumnavigating the earth;—all these combined with the Tories going a-head of the Liberals, while the latter are invoking Lord Palmerston to put on the drag, make something “prodigious!”

When Milner Gibson, with his full length reformers, threw the half lengths on their backs, as the fishermen do the turtles on the sands, knowing they cannot then crawl away while their aids go for the conveyances to pick them up, he little thought of the long interregnum that was to follow in going from the do-littles to the do-nothings—promises excepted.

To come back to the capsized (liberals, or) turtles on the sands, they have nothing to do but to wait for the return tide to be set afloat, and it will come with a heady current and extraordinary force.

The French minister, M. Persigny, is said to have met Lord Palmerston at Chantilly, where Lord Cowley was residing for a time. Their confabulations would have more meaning than those of Lord Palmerston and the Emperor. The man of reputed “inscrutable purposes” would be a “Reading made-easy” to the veteran statesman. His maze of indirections all pointing one way, but insidiously tending another, can puzzle none but sciolists. After the exploding Birmingham grenades, the conspiracy trials in England arose, as to whether in our refuge for foreigners our English law “elevated assassination into a doctrine.” This could be only met by referring the question to the crown lawyers, whose report went to show that conspiracies in England for the assassination of foreigners were punishable by our laws, hence the necessity of the trials—commenced under the Liberal Government and carried on by the Derby Government; the English jury, either not believing the witnesses, or refusing to convict—shrinking from an unpopular verdict.

* A journalist in a neighbouring county compares the comet to a sky rocket,—“discharged by an Almighty hand.” It were something akin to the bathos and a bad joke in supposing the Creator to be experimenting in pyrotechnics, and launching a rocket—

“On its long travel of a thousand years.”—

as a missile, carrying wonder and amazement into distant starry regions thousands of millions of miles away. A philosophical son of Jonathan Bull of the last century, in his trading spirit, “guessed,” that comets were contracting hauliers of fuel to the sun, to enable it to keep up a great bonfire—a Yankee stride from the sublime to the ridiculous.

During these discussions, at an early period, the intemperate letter, or dispatch, of Walewski appeared, and had Lord Palmerston replied to it in the same reckless spirit, the two nations might have been precipitated into a war before they understood the real question at issue. The French emperor would soon be aware that it would not do for him to hazard a war with England on a mere assumption. The affair blew over and Disraeli's pretence of rescuing England from a war at the "12th hour" was a perfect delusion. The continuance of peace had been made a question of the sofa, and the boast of the Derbyites had nothing to do but sit down on the cushions prepared for them. There will yet be a re-hearing of the case, and the house will

Call up him who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold.

An English gentleman, who has lately visited Metz, the capital and frontier town or fortress in the department of the Moselle, has shown the immense preparations for war on a large scale going quietly on there; while the sop of Cherbourg was thrown to the gobe-mouches. There France is prepared for a sudden burst, (a la Napoleon I.) on Antwerp and Belgium, thence on the Rhine, and Prussia. How to get up a war in Europe without quarrelling with England is the Napoleonic problem; and the French papers have kindly told us that Cherbourg and French steamers will apprise us how necessary for the security of England is a peace with France.

The young Count de Paris is a better security for peace with Louis Napoleon than all the boasted pleas of the young empire. It would be easier to raise Italy against the French Emperor than against Naples; the latter would call up both Russia and Austria, which are only watching and waiting on events. Notwithstanding the great difference of our national institutions, both those states have more faith in "glorious old England," as they call us, than on any scion of the Napoleon race. Many Liberals and Conservatives may form views very different to these, but they are what dwellers on the Continent adopt, who are better judges of the nationalities there than our English politicians. The spirit of France is silent and spell-bound. All the monarchies have a common feeling with respect to "France, as it is—on its trial."

A PATIENT READER OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

Salop, September 27th, 1858.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR.—Every print which takes a respectable rank in the Press, town or country, has now had its say, but I shall reserve mine until I see what course Lord Palmerston takes in the political cross purposes of the continent.

The wide extended prospect lies before us,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

If Lord John has agreed to go under the wing of the Premier, he may yet become a bit of a diplomate, and correct some of his impure French. Our fate is in our foreign policy and good faith with our old allies, who hunted down the military dictator of Europe to the bloody battle of Leipsic, in 1813, where he was out-generalled and out-fought, and which was the last great battle he ever fought, and (*on dit*) the only one he ever lost.

Among the weekly prints, the *Spectator* and the *Examiner*, give fair estimates of the new ministry. Cobden and Milner Gibson are rather oddly placed as non-political subordinates among the details of trade and pinch-plum poor-law. Though in the Cabinet, they are mutes beyond their votes in the ministerial conclave. Milner Gibson came out a Tory in starting, but on Liberalising went over to the extreme Manchester magnates: had he gone in the wake of Lord Palmerston, he would now have been a leader instead of a follower of some inferior men.

The Tory clergy are getting up an opposition to Mr. Gladstone at Oxford, which will be useless at the best, as it will not be of any avail to keep him out of office. They have two cocks, they say, as candidates; but one wants the silver heels found him. The probability is that they will not find the great expense of the funds—if found perhaps to lose the election, as well as their consistency. High clergy voters go against a high church candidate, because he's a Derbyite liberal,—like the rector, who left the church when he heard that a duke was in town, leaving his God for his Grace,—the latter, having a great share in the parson's promotions. The published exposition of Mr. Gladstone's views in joining the ministry is a statesmanlike view of the gravity of the juncture in which we are placed.

In home affairs Lord Palmerston is considered the exponent of constitutional reforms; extending the franchise wherever intelligence may be found, without regard to renters or lodgers. Education and knowledge every day widening and enlarging our electoral orbit, we must advance *pari passu* with the times, or become mere camp followers of men in arms and in power. Why does Sir James Graham not resume his post at the Admiralty? At least both he and Bernal Osborne will be wanted in the heavy and light charges with Disraeli.

The victory of Magenta, which consumed so much oil and tallow in French and Sardinian illuminators, is likely to injure Louis Napoleon more than a moderate defeat. The numbers put *hors de combat* are frightful. One entire regiment of Imperial Guards was cut to pieces—*renversé ecrassé calbuté*. The scene of thousands of women at the war office at Paris, screaming, crying, and cursing, will be long remembered.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

A GLIMPSE OF THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SESSION OF A NEW PARLIAMENT.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—The terms of the amendment to the address were very properly confined to the fact that the Government does not possess the confidence of the House, nor represent public opinion in the country.

The reign of the Conservatives has been something like the interregnum of the Hundred Days of Napoleon I. up to the battle of Waterloo, when British spirit and pluck restored a more rational order. Lord Palmerston, in quoting an incident from the life of Voltaire, said ministers should be “condemned to rule,” after the example of some mad king or ruler, bound to develop all the absurdities of their policy, and work out their own cure. Their promise of another Reform Bill, another session, was too strong a dose. It was like the maxim in surgery of meeting one diseased action by creating another.

Lord Palmerston would have compelled ministers to go on without a dissolution; and therefore they dissolved the Parliament, like “bad boys,” as his lordship said, who would not do that which was right, because they were bid to do it. They had their budget of English

destinies on their back, like the Pilgrim's load of sin, but happily destined to fall from their shoulders in the "Slough of Despond." They unconstitutionally increased the national armaments without the consent of Parliament, on the plea that we might be within forty-eight hours of a period of national peril. Was this a time to be without any national councils? With what contempt must other countries regard England! France is ruling the seas, (?) England has become a negation in European affairs.

Napoleon I., when he overran the north of Italy, incorporated Piedmont in the French empire, and such it remained till the downfall of Napoleon and the treaty of Vienna, when the Savoy family were restored to the throne, which treaty is now to be torn to rags; and Lombardy annexed to Piedmont. With such a royal tool Louis Napoleon will take his course; and when successful—if such things may be—he will had Piedmont *cum* Lombardy to France..

Austria has still about 150,000 men in Lombardy, and more on their march. The four great powers to the treaty of 1815 must do something. We have a duty due to our neighbours who have helped us in a time of need. Neutrality may become mean and even cowardly: but our time would soon come. The conservative interest is flooded, as such. We can have a Government at once constitutional and Liberal. Lord Palmerston—the "awful old Tory"—may become the Prime Minister of another dangerous time, and the pilot and Pitt destined to "weather the storm."

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE GOVERNMENT.—PLAIN STATEMENTS OF EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian.

SIR,—Though our Colonial relations may be distinguished from our Home affairs, they are not *foreign* affairs ; but, taking the subject mid-way, we would remark on a circumstance transpiring within the week which is not likely to form any “difficulty” of the Government in matters foreign or domestic. The attractive *trifles* of the day must be our apology for momentarily trifling with them.

A number of large and striking posters, *printed at Birmingham*, have been sent to most of the towns within forty miles of that place, to be displayed on the town walls. The subject is *India!* with a striking heading of “*Vengeance on India!!*” It is that strange compound of radicalism and religion, in which extremes so often demonstrate their affinity. The staple of this appeal to the people, in order to impress them with a notion that England is “rightly served” for her “monstrous extortions of three hundred millions of money” from India,” is mixed up with the most unscrupulous falsehoods. The judgments of God are represented as being “abroad,” visiting us with his vengeance. “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!” The English are a free people—with a vengeance! They can write, and print, or say anything, and almost

do anything. They enjoy more freedom than any other people in the world, and abuse it more, being at once, as portrayed in this Birmingham manifesto, the most irrational and *unnational* of ungrateful subjects—the parasitical creepers of the British Oak, which sustains and feeds them. The writer is mad, but is in no danger of being mischievous. India is the great interest of the day; but the vengeance on the fiends in human form to be decided on will be considered on Christian principles.

Wrath for awhile in nations may be dumb,
But Justice lurks behind, and vengeance is to come.

The conduct of the Indians to our poor women and children is not alone a great and monstrous wrong inflicted on England—it is an outrage committed on all the civilised nations of the earth.

Southey and Coleridge, who both so happily ridiculed the familiar diableries of the old Roman Catholics, wrote the verses called “The Devil’s Walk,” commencing with—

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,
Abroad the devil is gone
To visit his snug little farm on earth,
And see how his stock went on.

Judging from the specimens of the genus in the Indian atrocities, the “stock,” do not seem to have degenerated in their demonism.

But there are other madmen beside the brums. The *Times* of Saturday told us that the editor of the Paris paper called the *Univers* is mad—the great master-madman of legitimates; so that the radical *religieux* of Birmingham may call for quarter, on the plea of insanity.

—————O major !
Tandem parcas insane minore.

The *Univers* has discovered the element of mortality in the English heresies, and her disasters in India in propagating them.

France, we are told was a great nation, after losing Canada and Spain—after losing her territory in South America; but England is not to be great after losing India. (not yet lost.) “Tunis and Tipoli” are to become a part of a French Indian Africa,—pointing towards Alexandria. Morocco is to go to Spain, and then “God and France will papalise this particular quarter of the world. Mexico by the same divine authority, will take up the propagand in the new world. These are some of the wonders to be worked by legitimacy, and its “divine right to govern

wrong." France is to become the "Queen of the Mediterranean and the Alps!" We might, perhaps, be allowed here to take breath. She will be mistress of the Hunalays next, and, like Mahomet, call the mountains to come to her; but if they won't come—as most likely will be the case—France will not be able, like Mahomet, to go to them. Fortunately, all these matters are not at present among the "difficulties" of Government. So much for the legitimates of the *Univers*—till France is to be proclaimed the *Queen of the Universe*—(*Universus Mundus*)—to which our universal suffrage men will universally object,—or there is no more room for Mr. Bright's "what next and next," and we may repeat *voilà tout*, with an emphasis—*ne plus ultra*. The real difficulty of the Government is the want of power, which is withheld from it by Parliament.

The star of Louis Napoleon has its clouds; his throne of the Empire is a hazardous one, and a still possible—we hope not probable—chaos in the back ground; but certainly, if the old Bourbons are to be guided by their exponents, we should find them greater enemies than the present emperor is, or probably ever will be. Some uncertainties dwell in the minds of the great continental potentates, and will prevent them from listening to projects of ambition with so unfirmly seated an ally. There is no decent cause for any war in Europe; but the London morning oracle, that rejoices in the name of the *Tap*, in ascending the "highest heaven of invention," has discovered that France is awaiting the embarkation of our last regiment to India, to kick up a sudden quarrel with us, and make a descent on our shores! Here is a cockney mare's nest extraordinary. The *Tap* will, probably, discover an elephant's nest or two, in India next. The dog that sleeps with two ears, and one eye open never barks.

The difficulties of the Government are rather with Italy and Spain,—either of which may possibly embroil Europe. Both are in a transition state. Spain is "complicated,—for that is the phase of the day. The Queen and Queen Mother can neither agree to live together nor apart. They are going on with a kind of "ride and tie ministry."—not being able to find one that will carry double; and Narvaez is neither tied nor loose.

Italy cannot long abide with a French garrison in Rome, to protect the Pope in St. Peter's chair; nor can the Roman Catholic nations agree

where otherwise to seat that abstraction of infallibility, when removed from the "lone empire of dead nations."

Thursday last was the day fixed for the Imperial Conference at Stuttgart; we should like to have had an invisible reporter present; but we may be sure that the *Scandalum magnatum* of the British press and the English sanctuary of revolutionary refugees would come in for a large share of abuse, as a violation of international *courtesies*. The Russian Court and the Russian people are well-known to be more favourable to friendly relations with England, than with France. This has been the case in the north, from the days of Peter the Great and Charles XII; even Bernadotte fostered a friendship with England from his enmity to Napoleon I.—though he was his maker and master in war, and thus paved his way to the throne of Sweeden. The only points of jealousy between Russia and England are those which turn on Turkey. Russia has more than a century's work before her in civilizing and Christianizing her semi-Tartarian territory round the Caspian and on the east of Persia.

There are no more real difficulties in Europe than those named as such; and they must wait—as they have waited—till the Eastern disasters are repaired.

The subject of Education &c., must be treated on hereafter. There is no real difficulty in the question, if men can be reasonable as well as religious, where the latter ought to smooth difficulties rather than embarrass and embitter them.

London, Sep. 21.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

PLAIN STATEMENTS OF EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—The events of the week rather exceed my anticipations in the policy of the Government, so far as they tend to confirm my views of the duties of the present false position of England. The proclamation of neutrality, and the speech of the Prince Regent of Prussia are the leading events of import.

Mr. Urquhart has excited great interest in London by his lectures on the war. He calls the proclamation a great lie and a cheat, for it would render England a mere negative in European affairs—which was

the first power to sign the great compact of the balance of power, and then the first to violate that memorable treaty, which gave us a peace of forty years; so that we have to offer nothing but the *vis inertia* of this country to the domination of France, with its tricolor flag swaggering between Marseilles and the coast of Genoa, and in the Adriatic; but in the latter, Venice and Trieste are invulnerable to the attacks of the French.

We have guaranteed Lombardy and Venice to Austria, which is now a part of the German territory—as Austria is only a continuation of Germany; this was done to secure Europe less than to strengthen the Austrians, in order to prevent the ambition of France from resuming her sway in Italy. “When Austria is extinguished,” says Mr. Urquhart, “our time would come; and the Russians would have a controlling power in the very heart and centre of Europe.”

If Russia knew her own interest she would protect the civilization and independence of the west of Europe. She rests on her arms as we should do. No politician in Europe supposes for a moment that France is to be a great liberating knight to weak and distressed nations, like Don Quixote was to incarcerated damsels, with his knight or squire Sancho, the King of Sardinia. No! the imperial Prince is to be, God willing, the King of Rome, and some French puppet, King of Naples. This is all on the cards, if we allow the game to be played out.

Germany is a kind of great fatherland to England. We speak in their Saxon and Teutonic languages, and inherit their unconquerable love of country.

The difficulties of Italy were the proper retaining of the proposed congress. It was no exclusive affair of France, which was the last country, and Louis Napoleon the last man, who ought to take the matter up. Austria was the aggrieved party, as Sardinia—ever since her handful of men returned from the Crimea—has been courting the favour of France, and disseminating anarchial papers and sending out false reports to the annoyance of the Austrians in Milan, Florence, &c. During the war in the East the French papers were often menacing Austria on the subject of Italy. There has been a regular design running through the whole policy of the French to make war with the great central power of Europe, which was the main enemy of Napoleon I. in 1103-4, and which with the Austrian Prince Scharzenburgh, first

entered the French capital in alliance with Russia and Prussia. The speech of Louis Napoleon to the Austrian Ambassador, on new year's day, will be long remembered as a sufficient cause to arm Austria, Lombardy, and Venice, as part of Austrian Germany thus ceded to Austria in the recognized balance of power, and to keep the heart of Europe independent of the East or West. If this arrangement be once broken up, then "Chaos is come again." We may not live to see another digest of the relative rights and duties of the various continental powers.

Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England had it in their power to compel France to keep the peace, and that power they still possess—England being the only state that has yet shrunk from the duties of a watchful and armed nation, jealous of the rights of its neighbours as well as of its own ; such is and has been the tameness and tergiversation of our sham Conservative Government. All Fool's day dated the wisdom of their course in the dissolution of Parliament, June will probably date their own dissolution.

AN OCTOGENARIAN.

CHAPTER XII.

REDBURN HALL, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.
—DINNER AND HAWKING MATCH.—PRIZE FIGHTING.

IN or about the year, 1829, the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, invited the Mayor and Corporation of Lincoln to a dinner and a hawking match. As the scene was a novel one to us, I and a brother reporter went to witness it. When we arrived, a number of persons appeared in the village, as though it were a great holiday. We walked through the suburbs of the house and came to the front. In the front of the house there was a circular chain of posts, and at the top of every post there was a hawk chained to it, where he always received his food, whether given him alive or otherwise, so that the posts were all covered with blood. We walked on to the side wing of the house, where we met the Duchess. We made our obeisances, and informed her that our object was to report the sports of the day; she desired us to take any refreshments we required, in the house, and that she would give proper orders for the same. When we entered the mansion, the servant conducted us to a door which he opened, in order to show us the first set out of the dinner table. In the centre of the table, there was a pyramid of pines, the top of which was crowned by one pine of very large dimensions, with its natural coronal as the apex of the pyramid.

We then strayed to the village Inn, to which place the Duchess had gone before us. Several persons were loitering about the Inn door, among whom was a poor woman, who had a letter in her hand; when

the Duchess came out, the woman presented the letter to her, who received it in her hand and walked on, but made no reply. At a short distance, as she was proceeding home, we observed she tore the letter to pieces, apparently without having read it.

Speaking for myself, I had not seen this celebrated lady for more than twenty years, which was, when she was on the stage of Birmingham theatre; she was then a very lovely looking woman and sonse in her manner, and *em-bon-point*; she was now fat and coarse, and had a decided shade of a moustache on the upper lip, but she was gracious and kind in her manner.

Her Grace ordered her carriage and proceeded to the scene of action; she was accompanied by the hawker with his lure, which was, a small bag, stuffed with some light substance and painted red, in imitation of blood. I described the scene at full length in the *Lincoln Herald*, published at that time; the record of which went with the copy-right of the paper.

I cannot now remember whether it was the first or second flight that was a failure. Just before the partridge or quarry was turned out, the hawk was unhooded;—the bird took a low flight, just topping the hedges, and then turning in a short angle, seemed to escape the eye of the hawk, which was sailing about its native skies at a great height, the quarry being lost. A servant-hawker, was sent galloping on horse-back after the hawk, throwing his lure about over his head, attached to a string, to attract and bring back the wanderer; but he escaped, and was afterwards shot and returned to the Duke, being known by his little silver jesses.

The next flight was the principal event in the sports of the day. The hawk, having been let loose, on this occasion, rose suddenly to a great height, and sweeping away in a wide and distant circle. The partridge being set at liberty, flew off rapidly in a line contrary to the situation of the hawk, which seemed to pay no attention to it; in a few seconds the hawk took up a new direction, and swept round nearer to the partridge, when it darted down like a shot and struck the quarry to the earth. The Duke and the hawker then galloped off to the scene, from which they soon returned, and brought with them the hawk and the wounded bird, which were both handed in to the Duchess in her carriage, the hawk still pecking at the dying and bleeding bird. Her

Grace was delighted with the success of the hawk, which she petted and pronounced to be her favourite one.

This closed the chief interest of the day, though a few more amusements of the kind were carried on with smaller birds, but excited little interest. There is no hawking now a-days without a license; the hereditary Falconer and hereditary Champion being types of other days, —their sports and their gallantries.

It appears strange to us, that the hawk, possessing such power of pinion and rapidity of flight, “with such a pair of wings and such a head between them,” as Cowper said of his daw, should, after “drawing empyreal air,” with Milton, be lured back again to darkness and slavery on earth by a sham shoulder of mutton.

PRIZE FIGHTING.

I have a remark or two to make on this particular custom of the nation. I remember two fights in the last century, which were then chiefly contested between very large and powerful men; that of Big Ben and Johnson was the first that brought the lighter weights to dispute the palm of victory with the heavy ones.

Johnson, the light weight, was at one period beaten out of time, and so far the fight was over, but the “Bigun” was not satisfied, and insisted when Johnson was brought up that the fight should go on; the combat was then renewed. Johnson then began to dodge about, shifted his ground and got away, and then ran in upon his opponent and inflicted several severe blows; by these means Big Ben, by degrees, wearied himself and threw his blows away; by this activity Johnson brought the fighting to equal advantages. Ben was frequently out of wind, and the contest was decided in favour of Johnson. The next fight was between Alcock, a butcher of Birmingham, and another man of the same town, and a lighter weight, which was won by Alcock.

These battles were described rather than reported. I reported two battles for my own Journal, in North Staffordshire. The first was between Sampson, (who was said to be the best natural fighter of his time) and a Liverpool man, who was styled the “Mud Devil.” The affair came off at Knutton Heath, the race-course of Newcastle-under-Lyne;

the "Mud-man" gave Sampson a heavy cross-buttock; in the next round Sampson gave his opponent a thundering knock-down blow. I was writing on my knees within the ring, when Francis Twenlow, Esq., a magistrate of the county (afterwards the highly respected chairman of the Quarter Sessions) got over the ropes into the ring. Looking around him, he observed me, and called me up by name to witness that he declared the assemblage an illegal meeting. Thus situated, the recorder of the fight staked on his honour, the contest was stopped; and after a few words from this little gentleman, the stakes were drawn, the ropes taken up, and the whole company trudged quietly off to Woore, in the jurisdiction of Salop, where Sampson polished the "Mud-man" off, who was severely punished by one blow on the nose, between the eyes, raising up such a sudden swelling that he appeared to be blind. Sampson complained of the soreness of his fists, and that he could not shake hands with his friends.

SAMPSON AND BIG BROWN.

I attended this fight at Bishops-wood, lying on the great Chester road, near the celebrated estate where Charles the Second was celebrated in an oak tree. Such was the confidence of the Bridgnorth men in Big Brown, that great odds might have been taken to a large amount. The fighting was all in favor of Sampson, and after one decided knock-down blow, the confidence of Brown seemed to desert him; he only stood up to be punished. He had got great muscular power, but his arms laid forward; his shoulders were broad and brawny; and his chest was comparatively narrow. Here my reporting of the ring began and ended. It is worthy of remark that the first well written reports, describing the rounds of a prize fight excited particular attention: they were those of the fight between Jem Belcher, of Bristol, and the Blacksmith, and another. Holcroft was then publishing his quarto volume of a short tour in France, and a descriptive sketch of Paris, at which city he arrived as he said "like a strange bird, in a strange land, wondering at everything and wondered at." He published the reports of the two above fights at the end of his quarto volume, as a great novelty in English composition; as a new art in the hands of a master artist. When publishing a public Journal in the heart of eighty thousand people, in the Staffordshire potteries, I considered myself bound to give all news, local or

general, having an interest in all classes; I therefore briefly described a few short local conflicts; where two men of little fame sought to prove which was the best man. They represented the ancient Athletics, but with more advantage, if we consider the art of self-defence in using none but natural weapons, in which we require pluck, skill, or science, and which call forth the national admiration of fair play. I described one or two battles fought by Moses Geary, as a local hero, who always took his wife, Mary Geary, into the ring with him, and who acted as his second; he sat on her knee between the rounds till time called him to the scratch. Mary Geary was well known as an honest and inoffensive woman.

The editor of a public Journal and a free press has no right to make himself the arbiter of taste or censor of manners; or raise disputations about the small proprieties of life, and the questionable moral tendencies of the habits of the people in his own compositions; it is his duty to induce people to think as well as read. This is the proper mode of promoting public intelligence. The progress of knowledge outstrips the progress of prize-fighting. One prize-fight no more induces another fight than one murder induces other murders. The interest attaching to the fight of Sayers and the American, arose from the attempt being made to represent it an international contest. We might as well attempt to convert such fights into interparochial or interjurisdictional contentions.

SOCIETY OF THE PROPRIETORS OF THE ESTABLISHED COUNTRY JOURNALS.

WE have a few general observations to make which will be brief and pithy.

The Society of the Proprietors of the Established Country Journals—a very powerful influential body of men—held their annual meeting in London, on the first Wednesday in May last, the proprietor of the “Bury Post” in the chair.

A few days subsequent to the meeting, John Watton, Esq., the proprietor of the “Shrewsbury Chronicle, received a letter from the President of the Society on the occasion, enclosing to him a check of £16. 10s., including a vote of £10. from the funds of the Society, and £6. 10s. individual subscriptions. Mr. Watton added one sovereign to the sum, and, on receiving my receipt on the Society’s check, gave me a check on his own banker for £17. 10s. Mr. Watton is a member of the Society, but was not present at the meeting.

The author of this volume has, therefore, to express his grateful thanks to the Chairman and the Society, for this kind and considerate vote in remembrance of his great age, and the sacrifices of his property, from year after year and term after term, nearly one-third portion of his life.

APPENDIX.

IN introducing some miscellaneous and anonymous poetry we only obey a very general desire of several female correspondents, who knew the writer fourteen or fifteen years ago.

IN the occasional indolence of a few hours, an Editor is at liberty to indulge his muse in flights of Fancy. The following various pieces of poetry were chiefly written after the writer had passed his 70th year, and cut out from different newspapers in which they had been published. They are mostly addressed from imaginary Beaus to imaginary Belles, in particular localities; leaving the sexes to apply them as they choose.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A copy of the following version of God save the Queen in rhyme, was sent through Sir Charles Phipps to Her Majesty, and graciously acknowledged through the same person.

A new version, in regular rhymes, written, except one verse relating to India, a few years ago, but not published, by the "Father of the English Press," James Amphlett, Esq., a recent editor of the *Shrewsbury Journal* :

O gracious Lord bestow,
On our dear Queen below,
Thy grace serene :
Long be her happy reign,
Through her world-wide domain,
O'er mountain, moor, and main,
God save the Queen.

Now heard the Christian's God,
Where Persian never trod,
Rome never been :
Victoria's banner rears,
Through both the hemispheres,
Flag of the thousand years,
God save the Queen.

Thy law she ne'er forgets,
Where her sun never sets,—
Slave never seen :
Martyrs and heroes find,
Refuge for all mankind,
Free as the human mind,
God save the Queen.

Queen of her island home,
Sacred as Christian dome,
Gracious her mien :

Where fate her vengeance hurl'd,
 Her mountain flag unfurl'd,
 Saw conquer'd half the world,*
 God save the Queen.

From all the masses round,
 Fame let thy trumpet sound
 Each joyous scene :
 Subjects uproarious,
 Her name so glorious,
 Ever VICTORIOUS,
 God save the Queen.

Queen regnant of her line,
 Sent by a grace Divine,
 Our golden mean :
 Long may the nation see,
 Her true descendants be,
 Kings of the brave and free,
 Long live the Queen.

* This verse will be appropriate when Hindostan is restored to its allegiance. It is said of the Andes that they "look over half the world." The Hymalayan mountains are considerably higher than the Andes, and command a much larger extent of territory, from the proximity of the latter to the Pacific Ocean. Ind. or Indies, comprise other lands, besides the islands of Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, &c. With Thibet and China, this part of Asia contains more than one-half of the entire population of the world.

LINES ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CHERBOURG.

BY JAMES AMPHLETT,

(The "Father of the English Press.")

A copy of the following lines on the Queen's visit to Cherbourg, was sent to Sir Charles Phipps, and acknowledged by him as received at the Palace.

Who, in this hurried look-out and unrest,
 Comes from old hostile coasts a feted guest;
 Receiving from a warlike fort as this
 Honours of such a special emphasis?
 A pow'r enthroned amid a nation's smiles,—
 The Ocean Queen,—the Empress of the Isles:

Her steaming squadron as an honour meet,
 To other times or other States, a fleet:
 And she, surrounded by a gallant guard,
 The only being thoughtful men regard,
 As future friend or foe. Yet seers who scan
 The melancholy records of vain man,
 May doubt the glories of a peaceful life,
 Born in a fortress redolent of strife,
 Where men the peaceful arts of life resign,
 For war is here one ruling vast design,
 The heritage of feuds long fixed as fate,
 And ages of traditionary hate.

But brief the peace in which, as records tell,
 Proximity and pow'r together dwell.
 This festive fortress, like a giant rock,
 May yet provoke some fearful battle shock;
 Though on its heights the peaceful sunshine rest,
 A summer cloudlet nestles on its crest,
 Round which by stealthy, slow degrees, may form
 The gath'ring lightnings of the infant storm.

The signal's given,—the royal standard's seen,
 Steaming the ocean with the Ocean Queen,
 Leaving her islet hearth and naval Keep,
 Her peaceful land, and "home upon the deep,"
 To compliment a warlike brave ally,
 Whose colours with her own together fly,
 The royal yacht nears the once hostile shore,
 Amid the warrior's shout and cannon's roar.
 She comes ingenuous, faithful, and serene,
 And moves, and looks, and feels herself a queen;
 A faithful friend, and fearless as a foe,
 Before a nation arm'd for weal or woe.
 Three thousand cannons greet her on the shore,
 And rouse the echoes to prolong the roar;
 From land and ocean flashing lightnings fly,
 And thunders shake the earth and rend the sky,
 Flutt'ring the floating flag and waving plume,
 As though they might announce the "crack of doom."
 She has no clouded thoughts, no sickly dreams,
 And sees no evil where no evil seems.
 Holds on the even tenor of her way,
 No matter who the foe or where the fray,
 The Island Empress no vain boasting heeds,

No false pretence, no foreign honours needs.
 The blazing bayonets and flashing guns,—
 The rolling fire that through an army runs;
 The voices of the nation all appear,
 Familiar to her eyes as to her ear,
 Exciting in her mind no vain alarms,
 But pleasure as a patriot nation's charms.
 Such are a people's pride as well as power,
 When a lov'd Sovereign rules, or perils low'r.

Punch is a patriot, faithful in his fun,
 And through his portrait gallery will run
 The race of folly, whereso'er it roam,
 Fickle abroad or settled down at home.
 Some will the old tricolour honours view,
 As powder, blaze and bounce, and—*voilà tout*.
 Not so Victoria, she is bound alone
 To hold French honour sacred as her own.
 Faithful in treaty—to her line and star,
 Whate'er betake the future peace or war.

* * * * *

Contrasts of good and evil still prevail,
 And every age can tell its woful tale,
 Degenerate and noble in extremes,
 Make human life what scarcely human seems.
 Morals and manners change,—but men remain,
 Savage and sage make up the mortal chain;
 Like as the patriarch's ladder upwards tends,
 Till earth and heaven meet the distant ends.*

Glorious old England still remains the same.
 Honor'd in faith, in freedom, and in fame:
 Her sanctified demand, "God and my Right;"
 Her claim in council, and her faith in fight.
 When one chief State in Europe breaks the peace,
 The men of action rise and compacts cease;
 The leading pow'rs their old traditions take,
 And all old bitter jealousies awake;
 The evil passions in their turn take sway,
 And wild confusion rules the stormy day.

* Involv'd in clouds the mystic scale ascends,
 And brutes and angels crowd the distant ends.

—*Darwin.*

READY RHYMES.

The following lines appeared in the *Times*, when ministers intended to clip the wings of the Eagle of the Press, and restrict its paper plumes to those weaker 'pinions; or a procrustean bed for the Jove of journals.

Mr. Broad-sheet of *The Times*,
 You are punish'd for your crimes.
 Though with talent, toil, and trouble,
 You have beat your rivals *double*,
 In the blackguard brainless "ring,"
 Could you hope to cope with *Spring* ?
 Or the claret in a trice,
 Tap in pudding-headed *Rice* ?
 Turn your double number out,
 Span the edges round about,
 'Tis some sixteen feet or more,
 Wand'ring news and knowledge o'er.
 All offences "weighed" and treasured,
 You're found "wanting" when you're measured :
 Not in wisdom, not in wits,
 Not in caustics, not in skits,
 Not in *Leaders*, (Rice don't want 'em),
 Not in quality or quantum :
 But you're wanted, if I guess
 Rightly—to be something *less*.
 So, as *Chrony* with the town
 Can't go up, you must go down.
 With your game fly-leaves no more
 You may o'er the dunghills soar :
 Rice, with cockney sportsman's skill,
 Takes a license out to kill ;
 His *single-barrel* loads and primes,
 And bags your *brace* of morning *Times*.
 So 'twas destined, and 'tis meet,
 Rice measures out your winding-sheet :
 The *foe* ! ('tis there the Whig shoe pinches),
 That *liv'd by yards* must die by inches.

Lucky sportsman, in these climes,
 You have been, too, Mr. *Times* :
 All your neighbours' manors raking,
 Change of game at pleasure taking,
 With your double-barrel, you

Fur alike and feather slew ;
 Of their gayest plumes bereft,
 Birds came tumbling right and left.
 Bang ! you went, whatever stirs,
 Making game of Ministers ;
 Slaughtering all that's in your way,
 Beasts of chase and birds of prey.
 Creeping, flying, earth or air,
 Pigeon, partridge, *fowl* is *fair* ;
 Roebuck here, and hawbuck there.
 Ganders on the city quills,
 Woodcocks with their wily *Bills*,
 Morpeth, on his owl's way,
 Mousing in the twilight *Grey*.
 Flighty Howick, flick'ring Brougham,
 Crowing Cupid, cackling Hume ;
 Durham, hawkng long his price,
Pullet Thomson, Parrot Rice—
 Great or small, for spit or pot,
 All have felt your rattling shot ;
 If the wounded did not fall,
 You had legg'd or winged them all.

 Ministers are all, d'ye see,
 Of the *Surface* family ;
 Where, from Brougham's penny college,
 Spread out superficial knowledge.
 So I've seen by niggard rule,
 Butter thus *diffus'd* at school ;
 Making, some expense t'escape,
 What the boys call "bread and scrape."

DON JOHN,

A POEM ; IN NEWSPAPER CANTOS.

The following verses appeared in the Times, when that paper was under the management of Mr. Barnes, and also under the circumstances noticed therein.

"Che sara sara."

"I want a hero," Byron said, what time
 His muse must please on rakish theme to fix :
 He pick'd up Juan from the pantomime,
 Then book'd on board a steamer of the Styx :

When Dummy's frozen words thaw'd into rhyme,
 And he hark'd back, though knocking at Old Nick's.
 If bards may horrow (Byron did), go on :
 He borrow'd Juan—I shall borrow John.

Don John, late of the Opposition benches,
 Was *Lib'ral*, of the cross, or Whig-Rad breed ;
 I found him fighting in the Popish trenches,
 Against his King, his (conscience ?), and his creed.
 Juan was ultra-lib'ral among wenchies,
 Where John's pretensions were in little need :
 But John, the better hero, and the holder,
 To win, would take the d—l his bottle-holder.

' Squire Bull's affairs his clever steward, Bob, held,
 When some old cads kick'd up a kitchen row ;
 To their old posts Bull's awkward squad have hobbled,
 And *cheap John's* reign must be perfected now ;
 But Bull's concerns they have so queer'd and squabbled,
 The deuse a man of them can tell *how*.
 Take physic cheap, and cheap advice, self-will'd,
 And you are drugg'd and diddled, roh'd and kill'd.

Now our Don John was leader of a band—
 Itti in joint-stock company affairs,
 To govern empire ;—'twas *sub rosa* plann'd,
 Where they could get support, to sell the shares :
 And so they got their votes, though underhand,
 And rations at the quarter-day—*who cares ?*
 Don John their Atlas was, of all beholders,
 His world—an air-blown bubble—on his shoulders.

The capital of this Long Co. was *brass* ;
 Of sharers, therefore, lots would them betide :
 But talk of cheapness, and *Bull* is an *ass*.
 And John his "Cheap! cheap! cheap!" for years had cried
 (As frail a one in principle, alas !
 As struts upon the *pave* in *Cheapside*) ;
 And so John went to work on these admissions,
 Covering the country over with commissions :—

John's *Little-goes*, or Co.'s—and 'gainst a fray,
 He takes, for need, a slapping servant man,
 Cad for all dirty work that's in his way :
 A secret article i'th' treaty ran,

That he was hir'd or not ; for yea or nay :

If aught went foul or wrong, from blackguard Dan,
 "What is't to me?" his little master crow'd :
 "I cannot help his going the same road !"

In such nam'd cheapness, John ran on his rigs,

Making some hundred new and decent posts :

His poor-law men set up as parish prigs,

(*Poor* guardians of the poor, the coarse-fare hosts !)

Ordained all turnpikes to be "tolled" by Whigs,

And stav'd-off rates, and "killed-off" paupers' hoasts ;

Making his English Rads and Popish Pats

Commissioners of unfiliated brats.

In short, our John and Dan were errant knights,

Who took of their dear selves first care, d'ye see :

John never calculates—Dan never fights ;

(Sancho *sans* wit—Quixote *sans* chivalry !)

To centralize their power each Rad delights.

Would it might in one little focus be !

And in some vigorous English hand a check,

That it might wring at once that goose's neck !

So John and Dan, though Dan was real master,

Went centralizing on to public ken :

Purveying power (perhaps 'twere no disaster)

To better ministers and better men.

When John wished to be off, Dan went the faster,

As though Mazeppa mounted was again.

Talent had Dan, though darling of the d—l :

John's intellects were on the "Bedford level."

Dan had two oaths in heaven, as each one knows,

And worked them both to his own private end ;

One, not to fight, though he were tweak'd by th' nose ;

The other not to wrong a reverend friend :

The first he kept (creeds can't compound for blows,)

And broke the other, which the priest could mend ;

But Dan's a cross-bred cur, whose craven blood

Has "crept through mongrels ever since the flood."

Thus check by jowl the Whig-Rad humbug ran,

Cloudy or clear, now forte, now piano :

Dan governed by the d—l, and John by Dan :

Nought like it since the accouchement of Joanna :

Good mother! maid, or both, intact of man,
 Worthy three volumes, paying like Ivanhoe;
 Thy Reformation imp had its quietus,
 A flatulence mistaken for a fœtus.

The "Shiloh" yet unborn of womankind,
 Methinks were like Hume's bantling of Reform:
 The monster *sui generis* of the mind;
 Th' inflated elements of wind and storm.
 "Ah! sure a pair were never" more inclin'd!
 Joe and Jo-anna, barren, old, and warm.
 This as a sample must suffice *pro tanto*,
 Till we come to the next newspaper canto.

THE GREAT 'UNS.

The annexed lines appeared in the *Times*, when Daniel O'Connell was mastering his monster revolutionary meetings, in daring menaces of England.

Sing, all whose withers are unwrung,
 The virtues of the great unsung.

All wisdom, now (the tables turn'd,)
 Rests solely with the great unlearn'd;
 And works of literature are sped,
 To suit alone the great unread.
 What's known and good must now be shied,
 And yield unto the great untried;
 Where something better's to be shown,
 That's in the clouded great unknown.

When Rice, in knowledge somewhat cramp'd,
 Had warr'd against the great unstamp'd,
 He cunning treaty did attempt,
 Which compromis'd the great unkempt.
 His Whig-like movement was outflank'd,
 And he was left the great unthank'd;
 His *penny peace*, despis'd, disclaim'd,
 Was hurl'd back on the great unsham'd.
 Rice courted Hume, and wink'd and beckon'd,
 As to ally the great unreckon'd;

But Joe, who'd long the senate *graced*,
 And figur'd 'mong the great unplaced,
 Loud brawl'd as patriot, pure in thought;
 Top-sawyer in the great unbought.
 So ancient maids, when unadmired,
 Their virtue boast—great undesired!
 Old Joe, by all the Rads obey'd,
 Still ranks among the great unpaid,
 And vows the Lords shall still be storm'd:
 That Barons all, great unreform'd—
 The hereditary "doom'd," the "*Dan*"'d,
 Shall bend before the great unbann'd:
 The why, the when, the where prescribed,
 Shall perish all the great unbribed.
 So have we seen (in fame 'tis book'd)
 That lesson to the great uncook'd,
 The lore by Goody Raffles taught,
 "Receipt to cook the great uncaught."
 Now change is rife—Dan will not yield,
 But reigns o'er all—great unreveal'd.
 Brougham, now his pension's prigg'd,
 Is shelv'd among the great unwigg'd,
 And he may aid, for which he's prompt,
 To immolate the great unswamp'd.
 Pepys, to the Peerage "Roll" 'd:
 Was late one of the great unsold,
 With *Chanceries nob** is now safe cribb'd,
 Nor longer of the great unfibb'd.†
 Thrice the budget Rice hath quak'd,
 That hodge-podge of the great unbak'd:
 Mulgrave comes, the letter'd swell,
 Melbourne's queer'd, the great unwell:
 Lansdowne, "Petty" premier's primed;
 Glenelg glowers, the great unrhy'm'd:
 And light around thy "home" has paled,
 Chimpanzee John, the great untail'd.
 Whigs, trim your lamps, or you're up-tript,
 "Of justice," yet, ye great "unwhipt":
 Leave (soap untax'd, thing most unused),
 Th' unreading Rads, the great *unnoos'd*; ‡

* *Nob-ilitatis* virtus non stemma character.

† *Fibb'd*—the head held fast by one hand of "the master," while the other pummels the face.

‡ *Unnews'd* would be thus pronounced by the *elite* of cockneys.

Thus, Mister Rice, yourself mud-splash'd,
You best may serve the great unwash'd.

As Ministers, you're hooted, hiss'd,
His Majesty's great undimiss'd:
All by unfighting Dan you're lick'd,
The yet uncoust, the great unkick'd;
By Dan, half pimp, half priest, misled,
His rebels form the great unfed;
By Dan, who to the D—l's given,
His own untax'd, the great unshriven;
The ruffian chief, that Bangor bang'd,
O'Connell Dan, the great —— !

HEADS AND TAILS.

The following lines were written on reading a passage in a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Star*, at the amazement of the Parisians on seeing in the picture shops a fire-eating portrait of Canrobert charging the Austrians. Though known to be as bald as a bullet, he was shown with his cap or helmet pendant at his back, and his fine flowing hair streaming on the wind.

A SCENE IN PARIS.

At what do the wond'ring Parisians stop
To admire in that famed picture shop ?
All eyes are open on the stare
At a portrait of General Canrobert :
What corps he fights,—what place bombards,
It matters not among the Lombards.
Mounted on a furious charger
Than any London dray-horse larger ?
Rising on the tighten'd rein,
With flying feet and flowing mane,
With sword aloft, which nought regards,
He leads a shadowy line of Guards.
Despising all the Austrian hordes,
He rushes on a thousand swords.
His very helmet dreads the attack,
And flies off pendant at his back.
His wild hair thus left unconfined

Is streaming on the passing wind ;
 While he, on Death's pale charger mounted,
 As though he on the slain had counted ;
 Prepared amid the blaze and roar
 To reign o'er death and ride in gore.

Unfaithful artist, bungling wretch,
 Pray paint another, truer sketch.
 The French at canny-Robert stare,
 Unbent—"unthinn'd his flowing hair."
 When he, though aged, not yet call'd old,
 But vig'rous, *bald*, and brave and bold.
 O ! paint the chief and steed, unbroke,
 Both rushing on through fire and smoke !
 His frighten'd hair the fight may dread,
 All flying from his daring head.
 The head goes on whate'er befall,
 All bare and fierce as cannon-ball ;
 As though encased in charmed mail,
 As might the comet without its tail ;
 The wild hair flying wildly from it,
 Just like the tail without the comet ;
 Or Cockney John, on purpose big,
 And Gilpin parting with his vig !

The brave old chief, that won his staff,
 May now his quiet bottle quaff ;
 Uncared for other stars or garters,
 With brilliant Paris for head quarters.

Ah ! unlike his unhappy doom—
 The hero of the snow-white plume,
 Waving o'er th' embattled brave,
 Like foam upon the crested wave.
 Where the blazing line enlarging,
 "There, be sure, was Murat charging !"
 "There," said Byron's classic pen,
 "There he'll never charge again !"

O grant us Fate some chief to see,
 The genius of brave cavalry ;—
 Some Mars, a guiding *star*, to rise,
 The ruddy soldier of the skies—
 To lead our Guards, if chance renew
 The glories of old Waterloo.

LINES ON SEEING

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF IN THE ARRAY
OF THE TRADES AT SHREWSBURY SHOW.

Welcome! Sir Knight!—thy portly form revealed
Once more,—as just escap'd from battle-field!
Mounted!—as through Salopian fields to gallop,
Coquetting with the "*Merry Maids*" of Salop.
A different battle-field shall hence be thine,
At Kingsland, with the jolly trades to dine;
Nor "fright" the Severn more with battle's shock,
But drink, not "fight," some hours by Shrewsb'ry clock."
Adown our modern "Goshen" thou wilt stray,
And know it not—so trim, and neat, and gay,—
Save the old Abbey Church some light afford—
Like thee reviv'd again, like thee restor'd.
Through the old "Wyle," and Dogpole's wily pass,
—A road, perhaps (in thy old times) in grass,—
Thou'lt wend, and find, tow'ring in solar fires,
Alkmund's and Holy Mary's sister spires.
Vacant thy site, St. Chad! of sacred fane,
Except the mould'ring relics which remain;
Remov'd the temple to the nobler steep,
Commanding lovely Severn's circling sweep.
But tell us, good Sir John, in name, the church,
When all thy comrades left thee in the lurch,
To fight or fly, amid the murd'rous fray,
Whose clock thou fought'st by on that glorious day?
This of importance to thy fame,—cause why
Our church clocks differ most egregiously;
And if they differed then as now, out-right,
Commencing with St. Mary's clock thy fight,
And ending with the one in Julian's tow'r,
Thou only fought'st *three quarters of an hour*:
Thus settling many doubts, and strange invent'ries,
Which, with *savans*, have puzzled several cent'ries.
Mid Kings and Kingsland, good Sir Knight beware
The Shropshire glass, the freemen and the fair;
And "ware" the Severn, deep, in all thy drinking,
Rememb'ring thy "*alacrity in sinking*."
But, lo! a host of royal forms upstart,
Come in thy train "*like shadows, so depart!*"

Our Harry, number eight, the Blue-Beard sort,
 Cutter of dainty Queens and questions short :
 "Defender of the Sacraments!" his brawl;
 His royal boast to violate them all!
 What of such shadows next? we'll have anon
 His murder'd wives, with all their heads stuck on!
 Ransack'd the land of shades, of high and low,
 For the next pageant of our Shrewsbury Show.

ROUGH AND READY RHYMES.

FAREWELL TO 1845: HAIL! 1846.

Time, like a fashionable host,
 Will slightly shake his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his out-stretch'd arm welcome the comer in.

SHAKESPEARE.

GO! EIGHTEEN HUNDRED,—*plus* old Wilke's number,
 With all his brawls of liberty to slumber :
 Dan's Forty-five,*—as future *Times* shall quote 'em,
 Coupled with Cobden,—humbug's "great fact"—*totum* ;
 Take thy full load, in time's oblivious grip,—
 Annals of iron, cotton, scamps, and scrip ;
 Thee and thy dupes, in many a merry freak,
 Their "bubbles" had, but not without their *squeak*.
 Go! take away thy trimmers, prithee,
 And all thy shadowy shapes go with thee ;—
 Thy shifting clouds of calm, and puddle storms,
 Era of Peel,—great pedlar in reforms ;—
 Th' expedient pigmy of pretence,
 That "palter'd in a double sense!"
 The shroud of garb that limn'd thee o'er,
 Show'd "part was substance—shadow more."
 In thy last days when death was near,
 Crusty thou wert, old cove, and queer :
 Giving the Whigs, all Englishmen would spurn out,
 A Downing-street "invite" to—"tea and turn out."
 Go,—Go-between, backsliding slave,

* *Sub audi*.—Anno Domini, Esq.

We'll dance at twelve upon thy grave.
 Hail! 'Forty-six! of festal birth,
 'Mid ringing hells, and masks, and mirth,
 Conceived in music,—born in song,
 No nurses need around thee throng,
 Save but to swathe thee, infant year,
 In mantling smiles and radiant cheer,
 While sponsors crowd around the shrine,
 To christen thee in ruby wine ;—
Nam'd amid rising hopes to steer—a
 Nobler course,—new year and era.

Dare not, proud man, mid scenes of grief,
 Ask benison upon thy beef,
 And start upon a gay career,
 Mid feast and song the new-born year,
 Till christian guests can tell each other
 That each relieved some poorer brother :
Then, bright homes! where time gaily jogs,
 Festoon'd in snow, or draped in fogs,—
 The fates shall these a blessing send,—
 Good conscience on the tables tend ;
 Each festive guest the boon shall share,
 A warmer, kindlier welcome there :
 And health shall throw a holier light
 On old October "brown and bright,"
 Give temp'rate mirth the evening to prolong,
 And brilliance to the wine, and music to the song.
 Hail! prospects of improving times,
 Our hopes responding in the chimes.
 Now crowd around our winter fires,
 Our garrulous grandames and sires,
 Requiring from each helle and beau
 The honours of the mistletoe.
 We, in our order, too, we guess,
 Must do the honours of the Press :
Imprimis, Ladies,—*place aux dames*,—
 May all their lovers' *pans* be *cham* ;
 But in the regions less ideal,
 Be all their joys and pleasures real,
 For *Gents* unmated, may they all
 Choose partners in life's fancy ball :
 Not at each change of dance to run,
 But faithful prove,—and ever shun

The trimming politician's guides,
 Who jostle in the "changing sides,"
 Take, then, the *sweets* the season gives,—
 Conserves of fair Conservatives.
 List! Bachelors, the merry peal,
 That shall a happy birth reveal;
 And as the chiming music swells,
 Take lessons how to *ring the belles*.
 Broad-sheeters, too, grave legislators,
 Hail! all our local Gladiators;
 Refrain not on our border line,
 To lapse the war of words in wine.
 Our sage man *Friday*, ta'en a back,
 May, for the nonce, "haul in his slack;"
 No *Chronicle*d small-beer be stored,—
 But taken all his grog abroad,
 Give his broad sheet unto the wind,
 And leave the troubled world behind;
 To Tory chum be Tory fare,
 Neither the wine nor whig to spare:
 But o'er the Christmas social cup,
 Take his unchalleng'd gauntlet up.
 On Woden's *day*, we rule the roast,
 When '45 gives up the ghost:
 With our *Postscriptum*, end his days,—
Nil nisi, then, of him but praise.
 Save on *good trade*, let others dwell;
 The "*storied urn*" the rest may tell.
 He had his *specs*—his dupes their "shares,"
 And they are *all abroad*, in "*Pairs*;"
 And if in other specs he shines,
 It must be in the Post's *Lines*.
 One shont for '46 to hear,
 His bones will rattle on the bier.
 Cease then all cares, or weekly or diurnal,
 And leave one bright day enter'd on the *Journal*.
 The *Lib'ral* navigating train,
 The Press-gang of a troubled main,
 Mid rolling clouds and raging storm,
 Skippers on that Dead Sea, Reform:
 May they for once bid hail the joyous chimes,
 And the *Post* take the weather of the *Times*.
 We in straightforward course essay,
 To do what's right come thence what may.

The rest to Him, least understood,
 Whose evil ministers to good.
 Prompt for our duty "near or far,"†
 In *feted* peace or frowning war :
 God, and Victoria's ancient right,
 At social board or bloody fight :
 The Empress of the hemispheres :—
 The standard of the thousand years.

SALOPIAN.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Good night, old year ! to thee and all thy throng
 Thou mak'st thy exit, like the swan, in song :
 We hear with loud acclaim thy ballad o'er,
 And may no bastard critic cry encore.

† *Cominus et eminus*, a loyal maxim of great antiquity, from *co-manus*, &c.

TO ELIZA.

Maid of Coleham—such I guess thee—
 Whom the muses thus inspire,
 If I might in verse "address" thee,
 Favor'd poet with his lyre :
 There were no oblivion's sea,
 Which could drown my thoughts of thee.
 Was thy swain some lover needy,
 Pride Hill poet, proud and gruff,
 Or some Barker Street beau, seedy,
 Coleham dunce, or Goshen muff ;
 Slighting maid of high decree,
 That could tune the song like thee ?
 Bid young Cupid do his duty,
 With the "acid" tip his dart :
 Where his bow avenges beauty,
 And the recreant has no heart,
 With the next shaft from his quiver
 Aim at his Stygian liver.
 If unwounded, and no kiuder,
 Others shall thy charms confess ;
 Cupid's blind,—but he his blinder,
 Without soul, and liverless :
 No good *liver*,—scorn his slights,—
 Certain 'tis he has no *lights* (*Anglice*, no *eyes*).

SALOP.

ALPHA.

ORIGINAL SONG.

"THERE IS BUT ONE!"

There is but one a man can love,
 With all the world to choose;
 Th' inspiring genius of his heart,
 His mistress and his muse.
 One only is th' ascendant lord
 Beloved in woman's heart;
 Though in this chequer'd scene oft doom'd
 With that dear one to part.
 Elissa absent! left alone
 With but one star to shine,
 I greet my sparkling guest, and hail
 The ruby light of wine;
 My Helicon of love and song,
 With which to soar and sing,
 I fly to her in rosy dreams
 Upon the light beeswing.
 But thou fair maid, though far away,
 Wilt deem it not a sin,
 I hold one rival of thy charms,
 With which to pledge thee in;
 But slander not the gen'rous wine,
 If I inebriate be—
 The venial error of excess,
 Less of the wine than thee.
 Awhile with maidens false and fair
 The wandering heart may range,
 But there is one for whom it beats
 And never known to change.
 So turns the needle from the pole,
 No other rest to share;
 With trembling movement fluttering round
 To settle only there.
 Love 'bides intact stern fate's decree,
 In love's wild steeple-chase;
 It owns no rival in the course,
 No second in the race.
 Though thou may'st yet, Elissa, dear,
 Thy life-star seek or shun,
 To love thee as thou should'st be loved,
 There is, there is, but one.

SALOP.

BIBO, JUNIOR.

OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING.

(A New Version.)

 INSCRIBED TO W. W. OF W ———

Of what is the old man thinking,
 To the wine cup's cheer inclined ?
 To some boon friend he is drinking,
 In the silence of the mind.
 A light o'er his thought is streaming,
 From his faithful memory's store,
 And his eye lights up when dreaming
 Of the bumper days of yore.

A cloud o'er his mind is stealing,
 When he thinks of the times bygone,
 Some painful thought revealing,
 Of the eyes which then had shone ;
 But pledge him to old friends merry,
 And task him in bottle or bowl,
 He'll bumper his port, punch, or sherry,
 As though it should fathom his soul.

He seldom the glass refuses,
 Where friends, wit, and worth combine ;
 O'er the rosy past he muses,
 To suit with the ruby wine.
 For his were the days of drinkers,
 To patriot, friend, or lass,
 When wit o'er the wine,—with thinkers
 Was splinter'd from sparkling glass.

With the hero or heroine boasted,
 One shout to the old rule led ;
 No sooner the true one was toasted,
 Than the glasses flew over the head ;
 And this was the toastmaster's duty,
 That the glass, with our ancient men,
 To inferior worth or beauty
 Should never be filled again.

A COMPANION TO THE LINES BY "BIBO, JUNIOR,"
 "OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING."

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—During my absence from Salop for a few days, I picked up your paper at the "Wine Shades," in ———

We do not need any evidence to prove to us that temperance clubs have done much good, by inducing thousands of the working classes of society to contract those sober habits of life which are equally beneficial to their health, their personal comforts, and prosperity. On the other hand, there are the higher and more prosperous middle classes, who usually drink their wines without being intemperate; and in this respect the present age is greatly in advance of the post prandial scenes of the old school, whose patriotism and generous feelings displayed themselves in the hilarious days of George III. and the war with Republican and Imperial France, in the times of Napoleon I.

I enclose you a pen and ink portrait of a wine bibber of those days, taken a short time after the teetotallers first came out in water colours, in honour of the pump,—when they were not content with eulogizing their own communion, but indulged in intemperate abuse of all wine and spirit drinkers in the mass. The present temperance clubs are not guilty of this folly.—I am, &c.,

BIBO, SENIOR, SOBER IN THE SHADES.

L I N E S

ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED LECTURER ON TEMPERANCE FROM
 AMERICA, WHO WAS ENLIGHTENING THE LIEGES OF THE LARGE TOWNS.

O! paint not men of thankless mind,
 Who scorn the comforts God design'd,
 Our toils and cares to cheer :
 True English virtues do not need,
 The fetters of a club or creed,
 A sober course to steer.

When transatlantic sages roam,
 To wisdom teach so far from home,
 To native genius bend :

No vice is in the purple vines,
 Take then the colours of the wines,
 And paint a jolly friend.

The forehead draw both broad and deep,
 Thy brushes in the glasses steep,
 When sparkling to the brim :
 These, for the artist bear the hues,
 Inspire the painter in his views,
 And all the features limn.

A sager semblance to display,
 Let his thin locks be grain'd with gray,—
 Thus to experience bow,
 A striking likeness shall arise,
 If champagne sparkle in the eyes,
 And brandy bronze the brow.

The vintage of the southernns seek,
 For swarthy health of ruby cheek,
 The blaze of brighter suns :
 There nature's glad'ning *spirit* reigns,
 Quick circulating through the veins,
 Where the warm claret runs.

The tawny tints all soften down,
 With bright Moselle and Sherry brown,
 In colour of the rose ;
 To finish thus thy art divine
 The portrait of the man in wine,
 Let *red* port tip the nose. *

No seeming saint nor sot is he,
 Though with the grape he may make free,
 In moderation blent.
 He takes it in a christian sense,
 With grateful thanks to Providence,
 For blessings God had sent.

The wine, as blood of life, may share
 The vital element of air,
 Great Nature's grand repast.
 It has been said by ancient sage
 That "wine is but the milk of age,"
 Our first food and our last.

BIBO, SENIOR, IN THE SHADES.

* The redness of the nose is not necessarily a proof of intemperate drinking; it is oftener the result of a peculiar organization, or disposition of the venous system.

A. TO E.

When venus glows serenely bright,—
 When vespers chant the day's decline,
 And beams a rival star of light
 O'er mortal sense to reign and shine,—
 With Thetis, Phœbus sinks to rest,
 And draws night's curtains o'er the West.

O! fairest of the Salop fair,
 And brightest where the brilliant throng—
 The loveliest of the lovely, where
 Grace, wealth, and beauty honour song :
 Be thou but mine, and I am blest—
 My evening star that gems the West.

The South may boast its tropics bright,
 The East its sheen of rising sun,
 The North its flashing arctic light,
 And through their dial'd splendour run :
 The evening star, by love carest,
 Shines brightest in the halcyon West.

The rampir'd Castle's storied fame
 Of rich and high-born maids may tell;
 The Abbey boast some sainted dame,
 The rural Meole its rustic belle :
 Thy fairest maiden is thy best—
 Thy star benignant—lovely west.

I name thee not—will never name,
 Salopia's HELEN! void of guile;
 Enough for me of love and fame,
 That I have revell'd in thy smile :
 A charm by thee alone exprest,
 Bright Hesperus that rules the West..

Here, 'neath thy shaded home I stray,
 And waft by whispering winds,—“ Good night !”
 My spell—some dream that prompts delay ;
 My Cynosure—thy chamber's light :
 Adieu! and be thy slumbers blest—
 My Eve and Eden of the—West :

ANSWER BY A.

Maiden with the *raven hair*,
 Would thou wert as kind as fair!
 Those dazzling eyes, like diamonds sparkling,
 'Neath those flowing ringlets darkling,
 Might the human will controul,
 Flashing on the captive soul.
 With evil fates thy luckless genius strove,
 And learnt to lure, but never learnt to love,

Maiden of the *raven plume*
 (Emblem of the lover's doom),
 O'er thy brow so proudly waving,
 With those darker locks enslaving,
 Hears-like nodding,—scaring hope,
 Daring man with thee to cope.
 Prometheus like, would some one might delight thee,
 And steal heav'n's fire of love but to ignite thee.

Maiden of the *Raven Street*,
 Oft thy noble form I meet,
 Flinging passion to the wind,
 With wand'ring eye and vagrant mind;
 Late I heard thy silv'ry tone,
 With a sweetness all its own,
 Exclaiming with a grace the heart to win,
I'd take the fellow, but he has no tin.

SALOP.

QUI.

THE MISS'D-ONE AT MARDOL HEAD.

OR THE MADRIGAL OF THE MAIDS.

"One morn I miss'd him at th' accustomed place."—*Gray.*

(*Tune, Ally Croker.*)

There was wailing deep in Dog Lane, and woe in Mardol's daughters;
 They miss'd him in the muster of the morning cans for waters:
 The hero of the Mardol maids,—so fate that day had struck it.—
 Instead of coming with his can, poor Joe had kick'd the bucket!

O! mourn'd and mournful was the morn among fair Salop's daughters,—
 The pretty girls with glossy curls that fetch the conduit waters.

There was Sally from the Elephant and Betty from the Bell come;
 And Mary from the Wine Vaults went to bid them all a welcome;

Elizabeth came from the Hill, and maids from Barker Street too,
And Nancy from the Ship sailed forth, the darling Joe to meet, too.

O ! mourn'd, &c.

Fair Becky from the Bugle tript, for she had made a vow too,
And Fanny from the Golden Heart, and Polly from the Plough, too,
From Nelson's Arms (though he'd but *one*) went sprightly Jullianna-'r,
And from the trumpet Kitty stole, and Bet from the Britannia-'r.

O ! mourn, &c.

While gals were waiting, *Con-ny* Joe their time could well bsguile, O ;
He had a jibe for every joke, a smirk for ev'ry smile O ;
In gossip o'er their tasks, the gals forgot the brush and scrub O :
And "pledges" to their cans all round, form'd Joe's *Tea*-total club O.

O ! mourn'd, &c.

All, all lamented civil Joe, although he was a rover.
And wept in common crystal tears, till all their cans ran over ;
For none Joe ever had deceived,—by none he was upraided ;
One "Joseph" once a "mistress" shy'd, but never Joe the maid did.

O ! mourn'd, &c.

Their cans were all dress'd in black crape, that day when, others scoffing,
Threw doubt upon Joe's nat'ral death and dirt upon his coffin :
Some mourn'd in sables deep,—some, in poor service and sharp quarters,
No mourning could afford, except their shoe-strings and their garters.

O ! mourn'd, &c.

Joe's ghost through Dog Lane nightly stalks, as though the maids he'd meet there,
With lamp-like eyes and shadowy can, all in his winding-sheet there ;
And gals, if you'd send back his shade to scenes which souls are bless'd in,
Erect alone a small grave stone, where Joe's poor bones are resting.

Put on each back a scarf of black, the grief of Salop's daughters,

You pretty girls, in glossy curls, that fetch the conduit waters.

SALOP.

BOOTS AT THE——INN.

DROPT SHREWSBURY VALENTINE.

The following is a copy of a Valentine, picked up on Wyle Cop,
addressed to —— the fat Cook at the —— Inn Shrewsbury.

Dear Cook, in love, I'm overdone,
While thee I have been toasting,
For since thy kitchen love I won
In Cupid's fire I'm roasting.
I'm dripping ev'ry hour away,
Consum'd in fierce desire ;

While thy plump form remains so gay,
My fat's all in the fire.

Good joints of mutton, veal, or beef,
To judge I'll quickly learn ;
If thou wilt give my heart relief,
We'll make a *joint concern*.

Through heat and cold true lovers toil !
Chill'd, when thy frowns I view ;
At dinner, I am in a broil ;
At supper, in a stew.

Though run the gauntlet of each course,
Of ev'ry dainty tasting ;
'Twere well, for better or for worse,
I lessons take in—basting.

If thou wilt be my Valentine,
Divided be our boast ;
I'll choose the joint on which we dine,
And thou shalt "rule the roast."

KITCHEN LOVE.

L I N E S,

ON SEEING A WHITE SWALLOW SKIMMING THE SEVERN, NEAR THE WELSH
BRIDGE, SHREWSBURY, AND THE SUBSEQUENT DEATH OF THE SAME.

Mark !—a *white swallow* o'er Sabrina seen !

Skimming those waters which our homesteads lave ;—
The circling gem of tutelary sheen,
Wedding our fair Salopia to its wave !

Say, fairy bird, what strange behest is thine,
Clothing in snowy plume the swallow's form ?
Art thou some messenger of light divine,—
Herald of peace, or omen of the storm ?

Com'st thou, upon the summer's utmost verge,
To warn the thoughtless of the season's flight ;
Their transit on a happier clime to urge,
An embassy angelic—plum'd in white ?

Meet'st thou, on sultry lands or o'er the brine,
The locust swarm—dread blight ! insidious pest,
That walketh in its darkness of design,
The mystic wanderer of man's unrest ?

Though sprite-like with thy pale and sheeted shroud,
 Amid the raven hues thy brethren bring;
 They skim with thee the sunshine and the cloud.
 In happy union with thy kindred wing.
 Not so, alas! may Afric's sable race
 (Save where Victoria's Christian banner flies)
 Rank with the haughty tribe of paler face,
 But seek a different God and lower skies.
 Then give to Mammon the ideal heights;
 For them no universal heav'n extends,
 Where nature with her own prismatic lights,
 *Her covenanted bow of beauty blends.
 The moralist is gone—with thought elate—
 And deeper shades invest the Quarry's gloom!—
 Hark! 'tis the fowler's tube!—it speaks the fate
 Of that bright messenger of spotless plume!
 Such is strange man!—one only seeks to save;
 Another with destructive organ slays!
 This shames his nature, pride or passion's slave;
 That honours nature in a thousand ways.
 An angel's blandness, or a demon's rage,
 Has mark'd man's nature from his earliest birth;
 Philosopher or fool, bard, trifier, sage,—
 Th' enigma,—monster,—moralist of earth!
 Strange contrast, thine, bright bird!—to skies decline
 For a stuff'd skin, where owlets owlets scan;
 In some bird-fancier's cabinet to shine,
 Bowel'd with cotton wool, and brain'd with bran.
 Shooter or stuffer!—would you were alike
 In Severn soused for swallows,—to get breath
 When ye renounc'd the tyrant's *right* to strike
 That emblem bird of innocence, with death.

L I N E S ,

ON READING THE BELLE OF "BELMONT," IN A LATE JOURNAL.

To H * * * *

While others may sing some Salopian belle,
 In whom all the virtues and graces may dwell,
 Such pomp and such praises I little regard,
 And envy not Belmont its beauty or bard.

I sing of a maiden that fancy may doat on,
 And challenge the fair from the Column to Coton;
 Come all from the Castle and Coleham alike,
 From Trinity tow'r to the distant Saint Mich,
 Come the false and the faithful—the flirt or coquette—
 The fair or the dark, or the bonny brunnette—
 The charms of them all o'er the wisest have stole,
 Have entic'd or entrapt, or made captive the soul.
 But the belle of all belles, for Ball, Banquet, or Rout,
 The maid which, once seen, one would not live without;
 Of the best and the fairest, come all as come will,
 That belle is fair H * * * the pride of Pride Hill,
 Of your eloquent love, which the bottle inspires,
 I boast not its glory, and need not its fires.
 Yet pledge I the maiden, and needs must compare,
 The fine golden sherry that gleams in her hair;
 The tints of the sunbeams in wine cups which break
 May flush her fine features, and mantle her cheek.
 In beautiful light, all its brilliance dies,
 Eclips'd in the sparkling champagne of her eyes.
 I know not what arts may her virtues enhance—
 Of her skill in the music, or grace in the dance;
 If of Araby's odors and finery fond,
 In an atmosphere moving of feathers and blonde;
 If wealth may or may not its thousands bestow,
 I love her—*enough for a lover to know.*
 If love be a bumper, that bumper come fill,
 Here's glorious H * * * the pride of Pride Hill.

SALOP.

BIBO, JUNIOR.

EPITHALAMIUM.

JOHN FROST AND SALLY SNOW.

Tune.—“Giles Scroggins.”

John Frost late courted Sally Snow,
 The fairest maiden that we know,
 The day for making one or twa,
 There came a sudden sloppy thaw,
 When Canny Johnny gang'd awa.

Fal lal, &c.

On Christmas Eve Jack Frost came back,
 And things were settled in a crack;

In robes of white and flaky feather
 Sal dress'd, and they were froze together
 In bonds as lasting—as *the weather*.

Fal lal, &c.

Jack, prone to *change*, stood for *reform*,
 And Sal was daughter of the storm ;—
 Like Whig and Tory man and wife,
 They led a cold and crusty life,
 In cloudy peace and blust'ring strife.

Fal lal, &c.

When Jack could Sal no longer givern,
 He drown'd himself deep in the Siveru !
 Soon sooth'd were widow Sal's alarms,
 For Mr. South for Sal had charms,
 And quick she melted in his arms.

Fal lal, &c.

SAL-OP.

SALLY MAR-DOLL.

TO ELISSA.

“I give my noiseless hours, blest poetry, to thee.”

They are gone ! I've no drinking friend left of the glass,
 Who bumper'd alike his friend, country, or lass ;
 With whom I'd in war or adventure embark,
 And could trust, soldier like, to drink fair in the dark.
 In an age of bold traitors, tame chiefs, and King Logs,
 The bottle's bold chivalry's gone to the dogs.
 And thus dear Elissa, *alone* in full glee,
 I've broach'd a fresh bottle devoted to thee.
 A companion in the bright ruby I've found,
 No stoppers ! and quickly the bottle comes round.
 A bumper ! “Elissa”—the wine kens her name,
 And smiles a response in the sparkling champagne,
 As emulous thus kindred splendor to meet,
 In eyes that are brighter and kisses more sweet ;
 “And may her fine spirit be happy and free,
 In the breezes that flow from the health-giving sea.”
 No tippler inebriate, am I, prone to stray,
 For the bottle's my belle when Elissa's away ;
 And thou art to me as the star in the sky,
 That shines at a distance, delighting the eye.

There's something about thee thus radiant above,
 Like a spirit congenial to warn and to love.
 Thou art as the planet, my Venus, and true,
 To bask in the sun-light and blaze in the blue.
 Though waning thy form, like all daughters of men,
 'Tis but to return to thy splendour again.
 From chances of sickness no station can save ;
 They visit alike both the beauty and brave.
 Though chaste as Diana, and firm as a rock,
 Deceivers and triflers around thee will flock.
 To virtue and singleness still be assign'd,
 Till fortune shall give thee a mate to thy mind.
A-dieu, then, Elissa ; be bold and be blest,
 Content pass thy days and bright dreams mark thy rest.

SALOP.

BIBO, JUNIOR.

THE REPLY.

TO _____

Oh ! I have read thy thoughts with pain no words can e'er express,
 That I could doubt thy constant mind, nor heed thy faithfulness ;
 Ill-mated by some destiny my sighs might not controul,
 Though shadows of remorse for years should darken on my soul.
 Ah ! woman never loves but once,—those words alone can tell
 The blessings I have lost,—the griefs that in my bosom dwell ;
 How oft, though sterner duties call'd, I've felt the blush of shame,
 When triumph'd love and trembled as it startled at thy name.
 O ! deem not in my downcast eye, my brow of cloud and care,
 That aught but kindest thoughts of thee were ever harbour'd there ;
 Deep in the heart's recess they dwell, as in a miser's store,
 Controul'd and calm'd like broken waves when driving storms are o'er.
 If we may ever meet again where frowns no worldly form,
 Hope yet may brighten in the eyes like suns that skirt the storm :
 That I have lov'd I need not tell—recorded 'tis above,
 Be it my pardon there that I have never ceas'd to love.

SALOP.

SARA.

SALOPIAN BEAUTIES.

Who, for maids that hath an inkling,
 Holds old Bibo's sons so light,—
 Calls up, when the stars are twinkling,
 Mardol's Cynthia of the night !

Let each belle, Salopian dear,
Sparkle in her own bright sphere.

Who would talk of *rank*, with Cupid,
Vastly high or meanly low,
Must be very staid, or stupid,
Levell'd from a diff'rent bow.
Fill the glass ———; I'll not shrink—
When thou'rt waiting, I must drink,

When the dullards are retiring,
Long the evening I would pass;
——, pile up a glorious firing—
Draw the curtains—fill the glass:
Trouble, less thou'st have without me,
But I like thee thus about me,

Absent—fancy sees thee weary,
With such wights as wordlings be,
Making long nights dull and dreary—
Duller with their company:
No young Bibax come to prize
Brilliant wine and sparkling eyes.*

Would'st thou that thy lover true be,
Test his faith by this good wine,
Bathe thy lips within the ruby,
And he'll hold the draught divine;
Fancying thy lips might there
Of their sweetness left a share.

Justice to thy charms I've render'd
Ever—amid maids or men:
Though I other toasts have tender'd,
Other belles before me then,
Still thy name was there I wist,
Forward in the happy list.

Who would question charms so sprightly?
Water laggard ever doubts,
With-out wine or women nightly,—
Never rank me with such *outs*:
Pledges are but venial sins,
With the lovers of the *inns*.
Thou shalt be my Hebe, tending
Neectar in the lower skies,

Goddess with our graces blending
 Fire Promethean in those eyes :
 Laved the grape by lips of thine,
 And kisses come embalm'd in wine.

SALOP.

ALTER EGO.

* No Philander come to say
 How beautiful she looks to-da y!
Catullus (Anglice.)

LINES ADDRESSED TO——

BY A SALOPIAN BACHELOR.

Tune.—*Campbell's* "O no we never mention her," &c.

O! no, our palmy days are gone, and we no more may meet,
 We view, and pass each other by, like strangers of the street;
 We calmly see each other now, as though before ne'er seen,
 But are those happy days to be, as though they ne'er had been?

As exile o'er the ocean waves looks back through blinding tears,
 I shudd'ring contemplate the past, that whelming waste of years;
 It were as life had flitted by—our future fate unfurl'd,
 And that we now dwelt in another, and a darker world.

Methinks when for a moment's space I gaze upon thee now,
 There's sadness in that downcast eye, and care upon that brow,
 And then I dream that could we once in placid candour meet,
 We should not pass each other by like strangers of the street.

Thou sleep'st upon a widow'd bed all childless and unblest,
 My single life of moody days is gloom'd by night's unrest:
 Nor ever may one ray of light athwart that darkness shine,
 Save when in wild and wand'ring dreams again I make thee mine.

What though meridian suns have roll'd across our chequer'd sphere,
 The autumn of our life may yet be bright, and bland, and clear;
 But if thy thoughts prone with the dead, for life no longer crave,
 Then in thy sadden'd looks I view the twilight of the grave.

With me, alas! it is not so, and never so can be;
 This heart may bear, and bend, and break,—its last pulse is for thee:
 Oh! may I never meet thee more—save that one glance of thine
 May tell me thou remember'st yet the day when thou wert mine.

A FANCY PORTRAIT,
OF A SALOPIAN WORK OF ART FOR THE EXHIBITION.

"I give my noiseless hours, blest poetry, to thee."

A lover o'ercome, on his downy bed,
In his Holland sheets was lain;
The fumes of champagne were in his head,
And claret had queer'd his brain.

He dreamt of the arts and the march of mind,
And some glorious modern Titian,
That should draw his lady-love fair and kind
For Prince Albert's Exhibition.

The artist his water colours forsook—
With the dreaming lover he dines;
He wash'd his brushes in whisky, and took
For his hues the rosy wines.

The outline is drawn in the tawny streak
Of port both old and rare;
A *pale sherry* dashes the brunette's cheek,
And *brown* her golden hair.

The hues of wine all colours eclipse
In the rainbow's radiant list;
The burgundy's ruby glow'd on her lips,
Which his own had so often kiss'd.

But, O! for a tint for those dazzling eyes,
That shine and smile as well,
He dipt his brush in Cerulean dyes,
And the splendor of sparkling Moselle.

A change came over the tipsy dream,
When the artist's work was done;
In fancy he woke, and saw, with a scream,
That the painter's colours had run.

The picture—no longer a lady bright—
Met the dreamer's excited view,
But a man of the bottle in tippling plight,
With features of dismal hue.

The cheek had a daub of discolour'd dyes,
The port had redden'd the ears;

Champagne was no longer *up* in the eyes,
 And gin-drops descended in tears.
 No more in the lips the ruby glows,
 No rose on the cheek is now ;
 For the grog had blossom'd upon the nose,
 And brandy bronz'd the brow.
 The pledge is made, the portrait's drawn,
 A work of great renown ;
 And when the glorious time shall dawn,
 Friend——shall take it to town.

SALOP.

BIBO SECONDUS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO——

Maiden with the raven hair,
 Stately cold and proudly fair,
 Much I love thy look to meet,
 Maiden of the Raven Street,
 Though alone thy coyness proving,
 When among the icebergs moving.

Often seized with moody fit,
 In the smokery I sit,
 Lost in dreamy clouds afar,
 With the odorous cigar ;
 Scowling at the ruby wine,
 Minus Hebe's hand divine.

Better than to "fool it so,"
 Bumper upon bumper flow ;
 Bibo like, care's fate out-flying,
 Die without the pain of dying,
 Into being new, and share
 "Life without its load of care." *

Four sheets in the wind, afloat,
 View me at old Charon's boat,
 Where no tempest ever rose,
 Where old Boreas never blows ;
 Dun the old tar to be ferried,
 (Though I never had been buried ;)
 Off'ring him upon the sly,
 Bribes, in lots of oboli ;

* Death without the pain of dying,
 Life without its load of care.—*Lines on Sleep.*

Bidding the old brick to flare up,
Strike ! and raise the ferry fare up.
 Thus I crossed the noted "nine," †
 Hail'd ! a *spirit* of the wine ;
 "Jostling," in the shadowy land,
 Every ghost that stroll'd the strand.

Must we thus our senses drown,
 Should a haughty maiden frown ?
 Slander not the gen'rous wine,
 It hath fonder lips than thine ;
 'Tis the dreamy lover's cheer,
 —"Not so sweet, but more sincere ;" ‡
 In its dreams alone we're free ;
 Time and space there cease to be ;
 There caprice and coyness end,
 Proud ones yield and prudes unbend.

SALOP.

BIBO, JUN.

† Fate has fast bound her
 With Styx, nine times round her.—*Pope*.
 ‡ 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.—*Moore*.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle.

SIR,—In the interregnum of the parliaments, and after such a deluge of speeches, some relief may be found in the levities of literature.

It is well known that by the varied inflexions and cadences of the voice, solemn music may be made to express that which is racy and gay, as well as what is grave.

We may take an instance in the parody, by Canning, on that solemn air sang by Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger* :

I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I ne'er impart ;
 It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
 But it corrodes my heart.
 This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
 My lot for ever be —, &c., &c.

PARODY.

I have a secret solace here,
 A joy I ne'er impart;
 It is not wine—it is not beer,
 But it consoles my heart;
 This cherry bounce, this lov'd noyeau,
 My lot for ever be — &c., &c.

So sang Canning in his best days, in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*: as with his travesty of Southey's "Wandering Widow," and his Sapphics and Dactyls:

Weary knife-grinder whither art thou going,
 Rough is the road, and thy wheel is out of order,
 Cold blows the wind, and thy coat has got a hole in't,
 So have thy breeches, &c.

L I N E S,
 ON READING THE FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF MISS CLUDDE.

Lady, I know thee not—may never know
 One on whose early path such hopes befriend:
 But I would pray that through life's weal and woe
 Some happy genius may thy footsteps tend:
 For this I know—'tis not the fate of life
 Such "troops of friends" should causeless homage pay,
 In days like these, of guilty selfish strife,
 Where virtue bore not sole and sovereign sway;
 Where holy charities had not enshrined
 Thy hospitable home, and from thy line,
 Ennobled by a love of human kind,
 Shed a bland radiance on auld lang syne.
 All classes rallied round thee, proud to bear
 Some testimony to thy virtuous fame,
 And, in the honor of thy sire, to share
 Some part, though humble, in the loud acclaim.
 'Twas on an humble hearth I read the page
 Of plaudits in thy neighbours, rich and poor—
 The aspirations high of youth and age,
 That thou with them might'st through long years endure,
 And bear the fruits of minds like thee and thine,
 In kindred loves in the "old house at home,"
 That make a rural life most like divine,
 Where English sages "soar, but never roam."

Lady, I drunk thy health as one apart,
 In solitude and silence, proud to see
 That fair Salopia is sound at heart :
 When town and country thus alike agree,
 The scene redeems the age, and onward brings
 Thoughts of what has been and again may be,
 Turning away our minds from meaner things,
 And given to rest awhile alone on thee.

SALOP.

OBSERVER

TO MISS GEORGIANA LE BATT,
 IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ETON BOY.

When you appear, so beautiful and cōy,
 You play Adonis—not the Etonian Boy;
 And when in female vesture you are seen,
 It is not Fanny, but the Paphian Queen.
 One part's your own; the other suits so well,
 'Tis hard to say in which you most excel;
 'Tis hard to say in which more graces meet,
 In the reality or counterfeit.
 Like you, a Guido's pencil would pourtray
 Aurora leading on the joyous day;
 Or Venus, rising from the ocean's spray.
 Comparisons are odious, it may be;
 But you excel the graceful Ellen Tree.
 Fair Foote had pow'r to pierce the willing heart,
 And you from her have stol'n th' unfailing dart.
 Some clime Ausonian made you what you are—
 A flow'r, a gem, a bright dramatic "star."
 Farewell, sweet girl; but thought will oft retrace
 Thy brilliant manner and thy matchless grace.

SALOP.

OCTOGENARIUS.

THE SEQUEL, BY ANOTHER AMATEUR

IN A DIFFERENT METRICAL MOVEMENT.

A-dieu, Georgiana! and would it were mine
 In thy orbit to move, in thy splendors to shine:
 When London's gay scenes shall thy joyous mind fill,
 There's one in fair Salop will think on thee still,

Whatever thy fortunes—where'er thou mayst be—
 Whose thoughts like the needle turn trembling to thee ;
 Thy memory cherishes twin with thy fame,
 Appreciates thy beauty, and honours thy name.
 Though courteous thy grace, there's a charm in thy smile
 An angel might envy, an anch'rite beguile ;
 It lighten'd, as though in the skies it had birth,
 And flash'd for a moment its splendors on earth.

INSCRIBED TO THE KING.

(From the London "*Albion*" Evening Paper.)

Spirit of the island Kings!
 Warriors ! martyrs ! sages ! seers !
 Ye, whose reign a glory flings
 Radiant o'er a thousand years.
 Where's the sword that heroes bear ?
 Spirit of the Brunswicks ! where ?
 Saxon Alfred, noble Thane !
 Lion-heart Plantagenet !
 Stuart ! Tudor ! Norman ! Dane !
 Fearless Brunswick, faithful yet !
 Where's the ancient's bearing high,
 Prone to dare, as proud to die ?
 Mark our island home enthralled !
 Round it clouds and darkness dwell !
 Distant destiny is "pall'd
 In the dunnest smoke of hell !"
 Who shall see the rising day ?
 Spirit of the prophets, say !
 STAR OF ALBION ! be thy fire,
 Guide and guerdon of the free :
 A beacon to our Royal sire,
 Where even death were victory !
 Who the throne of storms would-share,
 Guard it as the lion's lair.
 Come feud at home, or fight afar,
 O ! Wellington, be thine the sword !
 The chief alike in peace or war,
 At battle-field or banquet board !
 Hail the sword that heroes wear !
 Spirit of the isle ! 'tis *there*.

THE BELLE OF BELMONT.

TO———N.

Of Salop's bright dames I have traced ev'ry fair,
 From the Column's high domes, to their Barker Street lair.
 The prudes of gay "Goshen" may sport the vain plume,
 And the frail ones of Frankwell their beauties perfume ;
 In Mardol the maids have their flounces divine,
 And Claremont's *haut ton* in its satins may shine ;
 In Wyle Cop the nymphs their fine notions instill,
 And the proud ones their feathers toss high in Pride Hill ;
 But scan them all round and you may depend on't,
 There's no belle like * * * the Belle of Belmont. *

I've seen her in tears at her sick friend's bedside,—
 In the dance, where her grace with the noblest has vied ;
 At her sire's social board, where no taste was forgot,
 O'er the chaste cup, which "cheers, but inebriates not ;"
 At the church, where the proudest must lower their crest,—
 Where the richest are poor, and the poorest are blest :
 With talent, when seeking her taste to refine,
 No triumph she aims at, and seeks not to shine :
 Her life one clear stream from the baptismal font—
 For sparkling and pure is the Belle of Belmont.

There's a soul in her eye which no other eye shares ;
 There's a charm in her smile which no other smile bears ;
 Her bosom so fair, and her neck's dazzling white,
 The diamond's brightness would shade with its light :
 Then blame me not ——, nor slander the wine ;
 When a maiden I toast that can never be mine ;
 And bid not a friend flowing bumpers escape,
 Intoxicate more with the girl than the grape :
 No counsel I seek, for no wisdom I want,
 When I pledge, and pledge deeply the Belle of Belmont.

SALOP.

——— T.

* This word is now so Anglicized from the French, as to take up our vernacular orthoepy.

TO MY SALOPIAN LASS.

I sing of thee,—not Belmont belles,
 Nor prides of Pride Hill dames :
 My modest muse alike repels
 Their fancies and their flames—

Their Janes, Elizas, Becks, and Anns,
And Cupid of the Conduit cans. *

Thy presence consecrates all space,
And sanctifies all time ;
It renders sacred every place
And sunny every clime :
The rural mead or rolling sea
Were redolent of love with thee.

Thou livest on the rising mound,—
I love its steep to greet ;
Thou livest where gay homes abound—
I love the very street :
An Eden 'tis of all things fair,
And thou the Eve that dwelleth there.

Thou visit'st humble scenes forsook,—
The gay world may contemn ;
And oft I love on them to look,
Because thou look'st on them :
Where thou hast been, or thou mayst be,
Hath some inspiring charm for me.

Thou gav'st the wine cup,—who dare shrink ?—
I pledge it thus to thee ;
Then frown not if I deeply drink,
When in the cup I see
The reflex of that smile of thine,
Bright dimpling in the sparkling wine.

There is a spirit in that eye,
A beauty in that form,
To love through ev'ry change of sky,
In sunshine and in storm
And life's chance blessings or its woes,
Shall only more thy worth disclose.

Time never shall thy spirit break,
Though fade some charms away ;—
Though blanch'd the roses of thy cheek,
And grain'd thy locks with gray,
Love in all kindred souls refined
Lives coeternal with the mind.

SALOP.



* The servant girls attending the Conduit waters went in mourning for Joe, who committed suicide.

WINE *VERSUS* WATER.

[COMMUNICATED WITH THE SELECTION OF THE LINES ON "WATER," FROM THE
POEMS OF ELIZA COOK, INSERTED IN EDDOWES'S JOURNAL.

"I give my noiseless hours, blest poetry to thee."

Yes, Water is good in the desert's heat
To soothe and to quiet the pulse's beat,
T' assuage the dread thirst that on nature preys
'Mid the scorching sands and the solar blaze,
To calm the nerves with its aid divine,
And fit the stomach *again for wine.*

Yes, Water may proud and may powerful be
In tossing our ships on the boundless sea,
In sporting o'er its fathomless caves
The wealth of all nations upon its waves,
The proud seventy-four or the gay fancy boat,
But it never could bear a man's *soul afloat.*

To Water the wicked and weak may incline,
In those who abus'd the blest powers of Wine ;
Awhile it may sot or may sinner instruct,
As a new locomotive aqueduct ;
Its waves, wishy washy, I trouble, alas,
In little except when I'm rinsing my glass.

O ! weaker than Water, Elissa, were he
Who drank in a bumper such heverage to thee ;
But fill up with Wine to the girl I alledge,
And I warrant I'll be quickly "taking the pledge ;"
For inspiring the spirit of Nectar, who sips,
And his ruby wine pledges to ruby lips.

O ! Wine was by Providence never designed
To paralyse nature and stultify mind ;
But the faint ^{to} restore, to enliven the sad,
And, as taught by the seer, "make the heart of man glad ;"
To cheer his high hopes in a world of vain strife,
Shedding light on the complicate science of life.

Pure Water can take no new value in price
From the clubbing of sots half redeemed from their vice,
Who sing their own praise and the cloudy sk's pow'rs,

As though all its blessings were soft-water show'rs ;
 And give to their pump-god, of spirit bereft,
 What little the drink and the d——l had left.

O ! pure was the purpose, all-glorious Wine ;
 Such wretches were never true vot'ries of thine ;
 Wise elements mixed in our nature are rife,
 And love link'd with Wine are the twin stars of life ;
 Nor akin are teetotallers' rabble and rout,
 Who forsook their old gods when the barrels were out.

But honor to him who retires from excess,
 And enjoys his Wine more by indulging in less :
 True tem'prance consists in a temperate mind,
 And a mod'rate enjoyment of all things in kind,

SALOP.

BIBO, JUN.

IRREGULAR ODE TO MR. DIVETT.

Copied from the "Staffordshire Advertiser."

So, Mr. Divett ! you with Dan had chafferr'd,
 " Under the (ruby) rose"
 Of Pat's grog-blossom'd nose,
 The *two* good English Members of old Stafford,
 Consigning both to *Cork* !—and freemen throttle,
 Because they were addicted to the *Bottle* !
 But what Dan gives, as a return,
 We Englishmen may learn.

Thus round we are in revolution whirl'd,
 As Levelers may choose ;
 And Stafford's "trod upon by all the world,"
 Instead of Stafford's "*shoes*." *

Shades of the Sheridans !—both Dick and Tom !
 Where your *successors* have come reeling from
 Heaven only knows !—but this at least remains,
 They brought the *brass* to bear, instead of *brains* :
 And *that* truth soon would prove, could we unlock it,
 Went mostly snug into the agent's pocket !

But give a dog a damag'd name,
 And hang him ! it is just the same.
 Then give his *bone* (the trick of course must fail.)
 Unto the Irish *cur* that has the *tail*,

* The celebrated toast of Tom Sheridan, viz. :—May the manufactures of Stafford be trod upon by all the world."

Dan has two vows in heaven! 'tis true,
 With both of which there's much ado!
 He'll leave the devil in the lurch,
 If both are taken right :
 One's not to vote against the Church,
 The other, not to fight.
 One's given to the priest's controul—
 One sworn o'er Irish toddy ;
 This by "indulgence" saves the soul,
 And that *secures* the body.

"The devil and the priest divide the prize,"
 And valiant Daniel bravely votes and *fies* !
 Careless is Dan 'gainst whom he's led,
 Or whose creed he assail,
 So 'gainst the Church he's making head,
 On foes he's turning *tail*.

It matters not good Mr. Divett,
 Whether old Stafford may outlive it :
 Whether the bargain's not a kin,
 To that we read of—where,
 The sapient hunter sold the skin,
 Before he caught the bear :

But this it matters, we are so far "York."
 We are not going to be *drawn* for *Cork* ;
 By all that Scotch, or Irish Rads can do,
 With Dan's one hundred Popish power of screw.

STAFFORD.

STRAF.

The above appeared in the *Albion* London Paper.

COUNTER-POINT LINES.

IN ANSWER TO THE LINES ON THE WHITE SWALLOW, SEEN AT THE
 WELSH BRIDGE, SHREWSBURY.

Poet of pretty birds, and social streams,
 Earth hath its myriads, black as well as white :
 O ! let not birds alone employ thy dreams,
 But sing of all things beautiful and bright.

Great hard of birds! allow me to entreat,
 As there are brighter things, that thou shouldst greet them :—
 Were pretty flies all made but to be eat,
 And corm'rant swallows (black or white) to eat them?
 Swallow or Swift—the gourmands of the air—
 Wing'd life respecteth not—at nought repining;
 But come, the Lord knows how, from Lord knows where,
 And eat of flies, a colony when dining.

Like man, they plead the ruffians right of pow'r,—
 The sovereign's sceptre and the eagle's plume;
 Their range of felony—scope to devour,
 Involving insect worlds in death and gloom!

The bird was white! Such, poet, was thy clain;
 If like the white man, not at all surprising,
 That he should put his darker tribe to shame,
 Going o'er all the earth a gormandising.

Better for thee—the washerwoman's bard—
 To wash black sinners white,—a holier cause:
 When shot, they slay no more!—Wouldst thou regard
 Regions of sainted birds, step in at Shaws.

Minerva's bird may there thy wild muse tame,—
 Consign her to the owls and Shaw's dissection;
 And, wouldst thou seek a niche in Shoplatch fame,
 Add a stuffed poet to his fine collection.

SALOP.

CONTRE-POING.

A SALOPIAN LAMENT,

DEDICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO THE "GREAT UNWASHED."

SCENE.—*The green avenue in the Quarry.*

TIME.—*Morning.*

The following local squib, if it may be called satire, cuts right and left :—

Bright shade! if aught that's bright in shade may be,
 I come!—and 'tis elysian air methinks,
 Escap'd thy strife of dunces, traders free,
 From Mardol's noise, and Frankwell's hundred stinks! *

* We tolerate greater nuisances than the late eyesores of the Quarry; and the representatives of the Welsh Ward, under the present calls on "Sanatory Town Regulations," would do well to read and study a late report drawn up by R. A. Slaney, Esq.

Commands went forth, to washing dames unblest,
 And demons blue thy solitudes explore ;
 Proclaiming our incorp'rate high behest,
"Fair Dryad's dry, and washers wash no more !"

Of vests divested,—all unrob'd,—unlaced,—
 Reft of thy gay costume, ornate and pretty !
 Thy caps made captive,—flounces all displac'd,—
 Festoons of flannels—coats, both grande and petti.—

Here, oft "on washing day," I've wander'd, when
 The maid of slender wardrobe hung her train ;
 When spinsters—wond'ring what bewitch'd the men—
 Strung their best caps—so often *set* in vain.

The poet, here, saw that fair "sash" unfurl'd,
 Which held the universe—his sun went round ;
 All that he ask'd in this wide waste of world,
 And which that little splendid ribbon bound. †

Here Delia's kerchiefs roav'd, all dripping wet ;—
 Her snowy hose there danced upon the breeze ;
 Here her gimp flutter'd !—there her chemisette !
 —And thou, bright scene, wert dear, from things like these.

There in dark contrast, and plebian show,
 Rag-fair usurp'd a place for tatters solely ;
 Draping in dingy lines thy verdant row,
 With *ci-devant* white shirts and stockings hole-ly.

Soft were thy airs, with softer soap combin'd,
 Where tights and trowsers from Salopian muds,
 Swung their offensive forms upon the wind,
 Mid such attire !—and, redolent of suds.

This is—*Reform* !—Oh, for a Swift to quiz it !
 And give our Great some Lilliputian rubs ;
 Could he "the glimpses of the moon re-visit,"
 He'd tell a very different "Tale of Tub"—s.

The good old times are gone—dark fortunes lour !
 Strange ! that where little's given, less is hoped ;
 And Corporations, in their pride of pow'r,
 Which had so much of starch, could not be soap'd !

† Give me but what this ribbon bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Adieu, lone shade! in thy forlorn *undress*!
 And may the nobbies who dismantled thee
 In corp'rate conclave,—and by laws express
 Shifted thy linen,—shirtless ever be.

CIGAR DIVAN, SHOPLATCH,

LOUNGER.

LA BELLE DES BELLES.

Come to the Quarry when dullards are dreaming,
 Drugg'd with the cares of the day and the night;
 Come when Spring's silvery moonbeams are streaming,
 Steeping the waters and woods in their light.

Come where the wandering Rea lingers lonely,
 Wooing our uplands and laving our lawns;
 Come to the solitudes, where lovers only
 Hail one bright star that on destiny dawns.

Come to the meads, where Sabrina, meand'ring,
 Her own lov'd Salopia delights to embrace;
 Or come to the shades, where her lovers, philand'ring,
 Form the first links of her own native race.

Come to that Isle, where the stream, as though sleeping,
 Like Adam when Eve's better part left his side,—
 A moment divided,—its true course is keeping,
 And murmuring on to its confluent bed.

Oh! come to those scenes—their delight is to claim thee—
 Come, brightest and best, where the bright ones are found;
 Come——, of Claremont,—no further I'll name thee,—
 The fairest and first of the Wrekin's gay "round."

SALOP.

ALCÆUS.

SALOPIAN BEAUTIES.

And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Nay, and thou'lt mouthe, I'll rant as well as thou.—*Hamlet.*

There's a maiden in Mardol—her name none may tell;
 For whom Bard Salopian ne'er sounded his shell;
 Unknown at the *coterie*, concert, or squall—
 No toast of the Bibos—no belle of the hall;
 Uninitiate in arts that for happiness roam,

The pole-star, the beauty, and blessing of home!
 Those features so perfect—that classical face
 No chisel could form, and no pencil could trace.
 There's a charm in that smile, and a spell in that eye,
 That call from the heart's deepest treasures a sigh—
 That gives a new sense of a power to adore,
 In a glimpse of delights mortals ne'er saw before.
 —So thus from Rome's statue, of beauty so rare,
 O'er which artists tremble, admire, and despair,
 The eye, half appall'd, as at some sacred shrine,
 Turns aching away, at a radiance divine;
 Calling back from the gods, to assure human strife,
 One glorious ray of new splendours in life.
 Then bumper the wine!—though no Bibò am I,
 In whom lady's feather e'er ruffles a sigh,
 That maiden I pledge,—and let chivalry know,
 Were a lance in the rest, down the gauntlet would go!
 To challenge the echoes the Wrekin may ring,
 That bard of the Ball or Bœotia may sing.
 Which sound in his song, when the wine cup he fills,
 To blazon your valleys, your "inns," and your "hills."
 If *grape* be love's test, let it be the grape shot,
 When the bugle sounds "charge!" and the *melee* is hot;
 I'll meet as a knight the *belle*-igerent beau,
 And give him a chance of his spurs in a blow.
 If river or woodland-philand'ring may prove,
 The pathos of song, or the pleadings in love,
 Give shades that are boundless,* and streams that may run
 From the blush of the dawn to the rose-setting sun.
 If wine the *belle*-passion to measure must flow,
 Let's quaff it a Xeres, or boose at Bordeaux.
 The juice shall be press'd at young Bacchus' command, †
 As long as a grape can be found in the land;
 Let Victoria's rule be a *rain* of good wine,
 And with *double* lustre her sceptre shall shine;
 A deluge of "currency" thus she unlocks,
 To "drench" all the barrels, and "drown all the cocks:"
 Then lower your colours, ye bards of the *heights*,
 This star of the west shall extinguish your lights;
 Your standards Patrician no longer extol,
 They trail in the dust of Plebian *Mar-dol*.

SALOP.

WELSH WARDER.

* "One boundless continuity of shade."

† "Bacchus, ever fair and young."—*Dryden*.‡ "Till it shall drench the steeples, drown the cocks."—*King Lear*.

A BRIEF PUFF OF SMOKE.

BY AN OLD SMOKER.

A short time ago, one of those moral dandies called a "nice man," as a recommendation to the favour of the ladies, poetized his horror of smoking. One of the fair dames, whom he wished to be considered his "flame"—ignoring smoking herself,—sent us a copy of his rhymes, which we replied to in similar verse; and as the latter had only a limited currency issued, a local few, I send you a selection of the principal stanzas, enumerating two illustrious smokers, and naming a few others on whom smoking might have had a favourable medicinal effect:—

Great Doctor Parr, the learned Whig,
Ne'er deemed the smoke-cloud *infra* dig,
In which you could not see his wig,
Involved in clouds of smoke.

Quaint Lamb his wit would oft enshroud.
In smoke-igniting laughter loud,
Like summer thunder in the cloud,—
The lightning in the smoke.

Dean Swift "died at the top:—" his head
Had drifting clouds when wit had fled:
Dull care lurked in his brain, instead
Of blowing out in smoke.

And Cowper, mild! No smoker he,
Bard of the sofa and bohea—
Complained his "dear friend Bull"† not free
From low'ring Stygian smoke.

Clouds in his non-inebriate nob,
Were doomed the tea-tables to rob,
Inflicting many a painful throb
On one who could not smoke!

Smoke on! it is the steam of life,
The smoother of the waves of strife;
Where chimneys smoke, or scolds the wife,
The counteraction—smoke.

We ride, and work, and weave by steam,
 Till ages past seem like a dream
 In a new world whose dawning beam
 Is redolent of smoke.

We travel like a comet wild,
 On which some distant sun had smiled,
 And from his orbit thus beguiled,
 With a long tail of smoke.

The clouds arise from smoking seas,
 And give with each conveying breeze,
 Life to the "weed," and herbs and trees,
 Which turn again to smoke.

All nations smoke! Havannah's pother
 Smokes friendly with its Broseley brother :
 The world's one end puffs to the other,
 In amicable smoke.

When plague and pestilence go forth
 And to diseases dire give birth,
 Which walk in darkness through the earth,
 I clothe myself in smoke.

I smoke through desolating years,
 Tabooed from fever, void of fears,
 And when some dreaded pest appears,
 I call in Doctor Smoke.

Go, reader ! perfume ladies hair,
 And scent the ringlets of the fair
 With eau Cologne and odours rare,
 Aloof from healthy smoke.

Go babble at the ball and rout,
 And smirk with high-born dames who doubt :
 Thy flames are quenched, thy fires are out,
 And sinking into smoke.

"Better," said Johnson, great in name,
 "It were, when poets droop in fame,
 To see smoke brighten into flame,
 Then flames sink into smoke.

The ancients knew not the Indian weed, either as a luxury or as a pest.
 We read of *fumigo* and *fumus* (active and neuter), but the terms applied

equally to a sooty exhalation and the perfumes of Araby the blessed. Scullions were called *fumarii*, from the dust and smoke of the kitchen; and the word has abundant terminations, but not in a Virginian sense, except in modern lexicons.

Blackwood states that the habit of smoking is favourable to “fixity of thought.”

The effects of smoking on the mind may possibly be different in different constitutions, but with myself it agrees with the statement in *Blackwood*.

I can walk and think, and ride and think, or lie in bed and think, but I cannot sit still and think. I must be doing something—either reading or writing—when not engaged in conversation or other affairs: and as smoking comes the nearest to doing nothing, I smoke and ruminate, as it were,—the process of respiration being carried on by the functions of the physical system, as an accompaniment. I am not an intemperate drinker, nor a heavy smoker, and seldom continue the use of the tube for more than five or ten minutes: that is, chiefly after the mind has been fatigued or excited. I then subside, as from a rolling sea of tumbling thought, into the gentle and quiet undulations of reflection, as though the “essential oil” had acted on and smoothed the billowy waves of mental strife. As sleep has been called the shadow of death, so may smoking be called the shadow of sleep. The mind is thus accustomed to associate the clouds of smoke with a gentle repose; or a tranquility of the sensorium, moved only by the rippling flux and reflux of thought, through which men and things shrink into their proper and natural dimensions.

In extenuation of the habit of smoking, if I may not do more, I should say it is *healthy*, and add, in regard to myself, “behold the sign;” but the logicians would reply that I was begging the question, as I might have had good health, “in spite of it.” I can only say that I have walked intact through two visitations of the Asiatic cholera, and some scores of influenzas nearly every other year, while most of those around me in my own family were great sufferers. In the year 1802, or 1803—I cannot now exactly say which—I was taking a pedestrian tour through the central part of Wales, when an influenza prevailed very generally in England; and after descending from the cairn at the top of Plinlimmon, with a jolly companion, where we drank the health of all the pretty girls of the Principality out of the source of the Severn,

we took up our quarters at the village inn of Sputty, kept by two old bachelors—one aged ninety-eight, and the other going ahead of the century. The latter was on the hills minding his sheep, and the other nervous and queer with the prevailing malady. This Boniface, “the younger,” told us that his brother *smoked*, and he thought that he should begin to learn it, for the folk said it was wholesome in sickly times. We recommended the habit for his future length of years. In comparing notes with our ancient host, of our respective experience, he would not be made to understand that we should come through Wales solely to see the country: he had been a “sore traveller” himself in former times. *Question*—“Where had he been?” *Answer*—“He had been *twice to Shrewsbury!*” We met with no smoker that had been afflicted with the very general complaint of that period, though we made it a point to continue our inquiry, and my succeeding experience has served to confirm my opinion that smoking is a healthy practice. Charles Mathews was spending an evening with me in the year 1830, in company with Mr. Robertson, the manager of the Lincoln and Grantham Theatres. He was then living on mutton-chops and brandy-and-water, to stave off the cholera; but I could not persuade him to give the weed a trial. Brandy-and-water was his *Catholicon*. From a note of his, which I retain in my scrap-book, that related to some paragraph in the local papers, he charged us with getting up a “Joint-stock Cholera-morbus Company.”

I might greatly extend my observations in reference to the healthiness of smoking, and adduce examples—though doctors may rejoice in the superior science of drugs. I have no interest in the consumption of tobacco, either as a branch of trade, or as the friend of an enormous revenue derived from the same. The Rev. Canon Hugh Stowell, one of the great guns of the new city of Manchester, was entangled in a paper war with the *Manchester Examiner* a few weeks ago, by publicly declaring that he would never appoint a curate who “*smoked*,” when he was reminded that his own father had been a consumer of *tabac (en poudre)*; but not being familiar with French and being oblivious of snuffling preachers, he further blundered on a denial of the assertion. He was also equally opposed to the cigar, though, taking the Cuba and the tube in couples, it was only another form so often deposed to by himself, of committing “dust to dust, and ashes to ashes!” In the next place it was rather intolerant for a well-paid and rigidly evang-

gelical superior to thus despotically ostracise a class of poor pastors, and deprive them of the means of killing time, while permitting the fragrant cloud to obscure in the mind and the memory the lucky inheritors of the fat stalls, in the distance of station.

With the ladies, in their pride of parlours and drawing-rooms redolent of the perfumes of the east, or with the shrews of conjugal blessedness, who prescribe the habits and amusements of their liege lords, we venture not to contend. It is easy to account for the prevalence of any custom wearing its way into general habitude in a single nation; but not so with a habit that has become universal through the world, both savage and civilized. In all the four hemispheres of the earth, amid the delicious perfumes of the east, the wild woods of the west, the rigours of the north, the golden regions of the south, the blandest of climates and the brightest of skies, the smoke of mundungus bears sovereign sway as a discovered luxury of civilization! We may trace it as a resource from the high pressure of thought among many eminent men of the day. Mr. Brassey, the greatest railway contractor of the day, is seldom seen without a cigar in his mouth, even while measuring districts with his eye so as to ascertain at what figure he would lay down a railway per mile, through hill and dale, mountain and moor. Kossuth has said that the cigar is the only luxury left him; and in this he incessantly indulges while exploring his mental way with fear and trembling through new projects menacing the imperialism of two of the greatest and most powerful nations of the earth.

I shall not now stay to divide and class the different smokers of the world. We have wits and clever men, who will occasionally discourse on brilliant nonsense—men who know how to “make nonsense respected,” as Lamb says: and these are among the glorifiers of the weed. But the masses of the smokers are dull dogs; and it is only by smoking with them that we can qualify their stupid talk, and mitigate our contempt of them. Hence it may be said that smoking is a great moderator of ourselves, and a tolerator of the senseless babble of others.

A BRIEF OUTLINE

OF LAW PROCEEDINGS IN RESPECT TO FAMILY PROPERTY.

THERE is a duty which a man owes to himself and to his family when they are wronged, greater than which *he owes to other persons.*

I left Boston in Lincolnshire, in November, 1832, and gave up my paper the *Boston Herald*, for the purpose of going to Stafford, where my wife's brother and sister resided. Mr. Edward Poole, was a quiet, easy man, who lived with his sister, Mrs. Turnock, a widow, without any family of her own. There were also three children of a deceased sister's, two of whom were nephews, who had lived with Mrs. Turnock since the death of their mother, Mrs. Robotham; the other orphan was a little girl, residing with her grandmother a few doors above.

Mrs. Turnock, dying without a will, the brother came into possession of her property. Her illness had not been a lengthened one; she died without being able to speak, about three hours after my arrival in Stafford. He (the brother) being as I said before, a weak man, and not capable of managing his own affairs, we agreed to reside with him. In the July following, he had a sudden attack of illness, which being severe at the time, he felt anxious to make a will, which was done in a hurried manner, by C. B. Passman, Esq., of Stafford, leaving Mr. John Painter, of Dean's Hill, sole executor, I myself, being absent at the time. On his recovering, he intended to make a fresh will, but a short time after, he was either thrown from his pony, or seized with a fit, being found on the road on his return from Newcastle, and was brought home by a gentleman passing in his gig. He lingered that night and the next day, but never spoke again.

By that will his property was to be equally divided between his nephews and nieces; viz., my two children, and the children of Mrs. Robotham. The executor, Mr.

John Painter, immediately appointed the Mr. Charles Flint, (of notorious memory) his attorney, and ultimately threw the property into the High Court of Chancery. Mr. Flint very soon took advantage of its being placed there, and removed the two boys of Mrs. Robotham from my care. I should have before said, that Flint sent one of his clerks to demand the will of Mr. E. Poole before the funeral, but which was not given up till after, as is usually the case.

The next proceeding was, to break open a stable door, take from thence a horse, which he afterwards drove in his own gig; and a pony, that he kept for the use of his clerks; also a carriage of which he gave no account, belonging to myself. He likewise removed two pigs from the sty, and we must presume kept them for his own use, as no acknowledgment was ever afterwards made of any of these things. He was in receipt of all the rents as Mr. Painter's attorney.

The children of Mrs. Robotham were educated, and the boys apprenticed to trade. It was many years before either of my children received any moneys on account of their shares of the rents, and then only at irregular intervals, and in such sums as he chose to pay them.

My son I placed with W. Hewitt, Esq., surgeon, of Lichfield, with whom he stayed the usual term; at the expiration of which, he made an application to Mr. John Painter, for such sums as would enable him to pass through his examination in London. Mr. Painter said he would see Mr. Flint on the subject, which he accordingly did, and Mr. F. promised in the presence of Richard Hughes, Esq., that the money should be advanced for the purpose named. Many were the applications made both by my son and the above named gentleman, who explained to Mr. Painter how necessary it was that a sum should be advanced to enable him to pass through his examination, which he was then very anxious of doing, but all to no purpose. Mr. Flint was never to be seen, and Mr. Painter could not do anything without the consent of his attorney. So matters went on; finding there was no probability of obtaining the required funds, he became an assistant for some time, but not liking his situation, he found himself obliged to give up his profession altogether.

Both my son and daughter had the greatest difficulty in getting any advance made on account of their shares of the rents, and many were the visits paid to Mr. Flint's office, before they could get a promise, much more a payment. On one of these

occasions, my son having made an application for money, could not get anything satisfactory from Mr. Flint or any of his clerks. He at last became so disgusted that he determined at least to have the satisfaction of chastising the scoundrel, who absolutely seemed to take delight in putting him off from time to time. Taking his station near the front door of the lawyer's, (who very soon made his appearance) he quietly walked up to him, and asked him when he intended paying him the small sum of money he had made so many applications for. The rascal turned round, and coolly told him, he had none to pay him; upon hearing which, my son took from under his arm a cane, and applied it soundly to the extensive person of Mr. Flint, who roared loudly, and threatened him with an action for assault. This scene occurred in the principal street in Stafford, many persons passing to and fro at the time, none of whom offered to render him the least assistance, but rather to take a quiet satisfaction, in seeing him thus summarily punished by one whom he had so shamefully robbed, and whose prospects in life he had so cruelly blighted.

In the first instance, I took the late George Kean, Esq., of Stafford, as my solicitor. Bills were filed and answered, and the usual results—heavy costs paid. The next attorney employed in behalf of myself and children was, J. Hiern, Esq., late of Stafford, who wished them to file a bill to compel the executor to carry out the trusts of the will; but as they wished to avoid further expense, and thinking matters would be settled without, it was not done.

Things went on this way as long as the houses would hold together without repairs; at last some of them became so entirely delapidated, that the tenants could not live in them any longer. The desolation of one house can hardly be described; the windows were paneless, the paper hung from the walls, and flapped about like a winding sheet, and though in a town, the grass and weeds choked up its entrance: the rent of this house and premises was £40 per annum, and being in the vicinity of the property belonging to the gas company, they offered a large sum for it—nearly twice what it fetched at the sale;—but Mr. Flint knowing that an order must be obtained from the Court of Chancery, before a sale could be effected, felt that when one part was sold, all must, and as long as a house had a tenant, and he could receive the rents, he was resolved to keep them. The property I have just named, and another house, in the Market Square, rented at £60 per annum; the two making £100 per year, were without tenants from five to six years. My son and daughter were at last persuaded to file a bill, to compel the executors to sell the property; Wm. Bowen, Esq., of Stafford, being the

solicitor employed on this occasion ; but all to no purpose, and some eight or nine years of anxious suspense followed, before any thing final was done towards bringing this unfortunate business to a close. It was tossed from lawyer to lawyer, each feeding upon it as long as they could, until the greater portion of it was swallowed up. It saw the end of three Masters of the Rolls ; viz., Pepys, afterwards Lord Cottenham, and his successor, Lord Langdale (previously Mr. Bickersteth) ; and lastly, old Mr. Dowdeswell "the Master" himself. The frightful sacrifice of property, since its commencement in 1833, until its final termination in 1857, is too painful to reflect upon.
